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SO THE "WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN" is dead—or is he merely dormant? We wonder. He can readily be resurrected and reincarnated. What happened at the bi-weekly conference at which Calvin Jekyll Coolidge announced the disappearance of his Dr. Hyde no one is supposed to know—it is a secret of state. Perhaps the President got tired of a deception which deceived only distant yokels. Perhaps it came to him that it is far more dignified and honest for the President of the United States to stand up and father any statement he may choose to make than to speak behind a lay figure of his own creating and to pretend that he did not say what his fictitious *alter ego* voiced. But the compelling motive is suppressed, and we only know that the Marine Corps band did not play at the funeral. There were, of course, apologists for the lamented Spokesman—apologists in the royal manner; for Mr. Coolidge can, as everyone knows, do no wrong. It was explained that the President must have the chance to inform the correspondents of the tone and temper of his policies without being held responsible for his every utterance. Very adroit, indeed, but not convincing. The press is not there to be the means of floating trial balloons and, for the sake of its own dignity and independence, it ought to receive no statement from any high official unless that statement is signed.

SENATOR NORRIS, in an interview in the Baltimore *Sun*, has come out flat-footedly against the renomination of President Coolidge for a third term. He is one of the many who feel that we should hold to the two-term tradition of the republic and he insists that the violation of that precedent will take us far along the road to a Mussolini or a king. The younger generation will hardly be as stirred as Senator Norris over this issue because this is a tradition-smashing age, and there is scant memory today of the feelings aroused by the third-term candidacies of President Grant and of Theodore Roosevelt. Whether one agrees with Senator Norris's views or not, we cannot see that Mr. Coolidge has a single claim to an honor which George Washington declined out of loyalty to his government, which was denied to every one of his successors. Especially valuable in this connection is Senator Norris's reminder that any President can force his own renomination if he or his representatives round up the corrupt Republican delegates from the Southern States, and use the Presidential patronage elsewhere. Actually the President is in the position of being able either to dictate his renomination or to name his successor, and his power has lately been enormously strengthened by the administration of the income tax. Senator Couzens is quoted by Frank R. Kent in the *American Mercury* for May as saying if you give him control of the internal-revenue office he will control the country. Herein lies the gravity of the situation to which Senator Norris calls attention. Anything that can be done to break the Presidential power of succession should be acclaimed by all Americans independent in politics.

RICHARD T. OULAHAN, of the New York *Times*, having announced on the authority of a member, or former member, of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, that the late President Harding was an imperialist at heart who intended to plant the American flag all the way from the Rio Grande to Panama, a chorus of indignant denials has arisen. Foremost among the defenders of the late President is Frank B. Kellogg. He is sure that nothing was further from Mr. Harding's thoughts. Well, for once, we are in agreement with the Secretary of State. We do not believe that so easy-going, amusement-loving, and kindly a man as President Harding lay awake wondering how soon he could hoist the Stars and Stripes over the City of Mexico and all the capitals to the south of us, or spent any of his waking hours planning a monstrous act of international aggression. Yet he was an imperialist, precisely as is President Coolidge. Both favored the doctrine that the flag follows every investor; both were ready to impose their will by force on the weaker nations; both were—and Mr. Coolidge still is—of the belief that the United States has a mandatory control of our Caribbean neighbors. If that policy is persisted in ruthlessly, it is only a question of time before the countries to the south of us are subjugated to precisely the degree which Mr. Oulahan says Mr. Harding desired—whether we hoist the flag or not. The newest technique is to lend money, then protect it with marines, then instal a puppet president—and thus obtain the benefits without the fuss of hoisting the flag.

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DOES ANY BRIGHT BOY with a long memory recall that when American marines went ashore at Puerto Cabezas as a sort of Christmas present to Nicaragua, on December 24 last, President Coolidge assured the American people that we were not intervening and not participating in a political movement, but merely protecting American lives and property? It is a long way from Christmas to Mayday. Today our marines occupy the principal cities and ports as "neutral zones," in order to keep the Liberals from capturing them. Every day marines flying over the country in their bombing-planes are sniped at, and no one pretends that Diaz could hold office for an hour without American support. So thorough is American control that when Mr. Stimson, the President's observer in Nicaragua, decided that he really wanted to see representatives of the Liberal President, Sacasa, he sent for them on an American warship and gave them a safe conduct into the capital of their enemy! Mr. Stimson is reported to have evolved a "peace plan," which includes a new election under American auspices. If the Liberals win that election they could then begin paying the bills for the munitions with which Diaz fought them—bills conveniently post-dated by the Washington authorities so that payment becomes due immediately after the end of Diaz's term of office!

"GETS LIFE FOR TURNING KNOB"—thus a headline in a New York daily. One Gerardo Fonseco turned the door-knob of a room in the Hotel Navarre on January 24, and was caught in doing so. Turning a knob legally constitutes the crime of breaking and entering. Had the door been ajar, so that he could have entered the room without touching the knob, his act would have been a misdemeanor instead of a felony, and he would have received a sentence of not more than three years. "I must give you life imprisonment," said Judge Collins; "that is unfair, but it is prescribed by the law passed in the hysteria over a crime wave." What could be more uncivilized? Undoubtedly Fonseco's was a third offense; undoubtedly the criminal is likely to become an habitual one. But in this case he obtained nothing, subjected no one to injury, and at thirty-one he goes to prison for the rest of his life. Society washes its hands of him because it is too lazy, too stupid, too uninterested to take him in hand and rebuild him. In another case a Brooklyn judge, Mr. Martin, in accepting a plea of guilty of second-degree robbery from a boy seventeen years of age, whose mother died while he was a baby and whose father is an habitual drunkard, said to him:

> You are just a poor derelict. At a tender age, when loving arms ought to have been stretched to you, you have been kicked about, neglected, and uncared for. It is no wonder you finally have landed in a criminal court with a serious charge against you.

It would be "no justice at all," Judge Martin said, to sentence the boy without thought of the handicap under which he had spent the whole of his life. The boy may go to prison for fifteen years. Why should anyone care? Does anyone really feel, aside from this humane judge, that society should pay the penalty rather than the boy?

TEACHERS FROM THREE different parts of the country—Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Minnesota—sent us articles last week. Each was an arraignment of the school system; each described the teacher's position as one which exacted impossible conditions from the incumbent and, because these conditions were impossible, nurtured deception as a matter of course. Sycophancy, conformity, piety; no smoking, drinking, swearing, dancing; no "radical" ideas; bed at ten o'clock or explain why; church every Sunday; no bad companions, which is to say, none suspected by the Board of Trustees. And the most interesting thing about each of these articles, and about similar articles that reach us regularly, is that each author says: "But you must not print my name. I would lose my job if it were printed."

JAMES R. NUGENT, the former New Jersey Democratic boss, whose death followed that of his old friend and associate, ex-Senator James Smith, by a month, was, like Mr. Smith, a good Democratic boss as long as he stuck to Woodrow Wilson and a very bad one when he came to oppose the Governor of New Jersey. That was one of the delightful things about Mr. Wilson; he simplified the commentator's task. If you were for Woodrow Wilson you were good; vice versa, and you were an enemy of your country. While the alliance between the two men lasted, Mr. Nugent admired Mr. Wilson profoundly; he always felt that Mr. Wilson soared to heights unobtainable by ordinary mortals. Nugent himself was far better than the average politician. College-trained, an able lawyer, who long paternally administered the affairs of the city of Newark with skill and unusual knowledge of the workings of a municipality, he made a distinct contribution to the government of that city. It was not easy to get him to come out for Mr. Wilson, but when he did he worked the future President hard and often persuaded him to speak by threatening, as James Kerney records in his "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson," to make the speeches himself if Wilson did not. Nugent and Smith did their best to prevent Wilson's nomination for the Presidency and, as every one knows, they nearly succeeded. Yet when, after Mr. Wilson's death, it came to the raising of the New Jersey quota for the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, Nugent himself raised $6,000, a rare piece of magnanimity for a politician who had repeatedly been denounced and abused by Woodrow Wilson.

DEAN JOHN H. WIGMORE, of the Northwestern University Law School, has gone to war again. He wrote for the Boston *Evening Transcript* a letter attacking Felix Frankfurter's résumé of the Sacco-Vanzetti case as "dangerous," "neither fair nor accurate," "worthy only of unscrupulous yellow journalism," "consummate misrepresentation," "a gross libel and a cruel falsity," and suggesting that Mr. Frankfurter's work was inspired by the "sinister influences" of "the most extensive system of international terrorism that the world has known for a century past." Dean Wigmore writes with a fine passion and a resounding rhetoric; he is mad; he nowhere names Professor Frankfurter but always calls him "the plausible pundit."

UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIS REPUTATION, Dean Wigmore was consistently and almost incredibly wrong. Mr. Frankfurter replied:

> I say without fear of contradiction that Dean Wigmore could not have read with care the opinion of Judge Thayer, on which his own article is largely based, could not even have examined my little book, to which he refers as "a longer pamphlet publication" of my *Atlantic* article.

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Mr. Frankfurter proceeds to show that statements are in the record which Dean Wigmore said were not there, and pointedly asks Dean Wigmore on what page of the record he found some of the statements which he said were there. The unfortunate dean seems to have assumed that Judge Thayer had quoted the record accurately, without bothering to check his references. Ellery Sedgwick's comment on the controversy was:

> The demonstrated inaccuracy of Dean Wigmore's facts seems at this pregnant moment singularly unfortunate. His contention follows Judge Thayer's expressed opinions with such devotion, and his lack of information regarding the official record of the case is so marked that only confidence in the scrupulous fidelity of the judiciary to the tradition that a judge shall confine his influence to the court-room prevents all suspicion as to the prime source of Dean Wigmore's information.

So far as we know, Dean Wigmore has not yet apologized or resigned as unfit to be dean of a school of law.

SACCO AND VANZETTI may be disturbing Massachusetts, but that great State progresses none the less. The legislature has passed, and the Governor approved, a bill establishing a standard for ice-cream and regulating its manufacture. There seems not to have been a dissenting voice. All Massachusetts is for bigger and better ice-cream cones. So far as we are aware no voice of conservatism is roused to declare that this was an infringement of the personal liberty and the inborn right of the manufacturers to create and to sell as poor and unsanitary ice-cream as they see fit. Heretofore, of course, there have been municipal enactments to protect America's favorite dessert, but that was not enough. Ice-cream is something too directly and too intimately connected with the life of every American citizen to make it possible to intrust its regulation and supervision to local authority, which might or might not act. So Governor Fuller, by attaching his signature to the bill, has come to the rescue of childhood in particular, but of the adults of his State as well. We trust that "Al" Smith will take note of this epoch-making event. Let him put a plank in his platform for pure five-cent nationally regulated ice-cream, and he will sweep the sountry.

ENGLAND, LIKE JOHN ROACH STRATON, is worried about the evil influence of American movies. British stolidity seems to have been dizzied by the swirl of jazz. British moralists deplore the lure of American amusements for the youth of England, British statesmen squirm at the growing preference for things American, and British film industries find it impossible to survive in the face of American competition. Hence the new patriotic Film Bill, which provides a quota plan for the compulsory showing of British films. This bill has the support of Premier Stanley Baldwin, who feels the danger of American influence not only in movies, but in jazz music, the Charleston, and in another dance which the poor man says "I cannot bring myself to name." Meanwhile, behind the safe barrier of this Film Bill, canny British business men are hoping to revive an industry which has been dying through its own incompetence—and, as far as one can discover, their chief program is to naturalize the custard pie and other Hollywood horrors. It is the old story of the protective tariff, with only the stage disguise of a yearning to safeguard public morals.

Sabotaging America?

JOHN VAN ANTWERP MACMURRAY, United States Minister to China, Frank P. Lockhart, United States Consul General at Hankow, and Admirals Hough and Williams on the Yangtze River act as if they were engaged in a conspiracy to sabotage Washington's effort to keep out of too entangling alliances in China. They want us to join with Britain and the other Powers in an ultimatum-and-gunboat policy. They want to deliver a note to the Hankow Government, giving it forty-eight hours to sign on the dotted line, and to blockade the whole Yangtze River region if it refuses to comply. They have told the newspaper correspondents and their British friends where they stand, and the result is, of course, a howl of protest from China.

Obviously, a diplomatic or naval official has a right to his own views. We would not deny him the right to express them, to his Government and even—in ordinary times—elsewhere. But when a man whose salary is paid by the people of the United States devotes his time not merely to attempting to convince his Government of its error, but to public propaganda and official action contrary to its policy, he belongs in another category. Ambassador Page used his official position in London in an effort to sabotage the Wilson policy in the early years of the war; and most people today agree that his course was shocking if not actually treacherous, however sincerely he believed in it.

There is, of course, the sinister possibility that Washington is speaking one language to the American people, and another in private dispatches to its representatives on the scene of action. President Coolidge told the American people that he regarded Hankow's reply on the Nanking incident as "conciliatory and to a certain extent responsive"; Mr. MacMurray, while instructed not to join with the other Powers, is reported preparing another note of protest. Meanwhile the admirals act as if in alliance with the British. American warships convoy British merchant ships up and down the Yangtze; American troops in China act not only in cooperation with the British but on occasion under command of British senior officers. Is this local insubordination, or has Washington a double face?

Mr. Thomas Steep cables to the New York *Herald Tribune* that while the United States has only 6,000 troops at Shanghai, compared with 21,000 British, we have more airplanes than they and twice as many trucks. Our 16,000 tons of equipment, including guns and ammunition, he says, exceeds that of the British. What is it all there for? We have even sent, California papers assure us, a shipload of coffins, as part of our extraordinary preparedness. The friendly missionaries have been instructed to abandon their posts, and only a handful of hostile business men remain above Shanghai. There are as many American troops in China today as American civilians—and more are arriving every day. For protection only?

A frightened little foreign community in Shanghai seems to be stampeding half the world. Many Americans on the spot have succumbed to the panic; the American Chamber of Commerce has even ousted the brave American editor, J. B. Powell, who objected to the provocative policy of Shanghai's Municipal Council. But the American people as a whole, it is plainer every day, do not want to be drawn into intervention. Will Washington not heed them, and put a check-rein on the hotheads in China?

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Mississippi—Father of Waters

IF it were not for the floods there would be no Mississippi Valley. Those rich bottom-lands from which the pitiful stories come were laid there by the river. The whole delta is a product of torrential floods, carrying down the sand and silt of the uplands and depositing them closer to the Gulf. The river which takes away has also given; it is not only the Father of Waters but the Father of Lands. All that the valley is or does is of the river's making.

New Orleans built its first levees in 1717. In Audubon's day, a century later, the levees reached north to the mouth of the Red River. Today the vast system of dikes is almost comparable to the Great Wall of China; its double length, on the two sides of the river, would provide a dam crossing the United States from New York to Los Angeles, and starting back again. But they are not, they never have been, they never will be high enough. There was a great flood in 1785, a greater one in 1828, and greater floods still in the forties. The record of the river stages at Cairo, Illinois, where the Ohio pours its vast burden of water into the Mississippi, read 49.53 feet in the unprecedented flood of 1858; it topped that mark in 1862, went higher still in 1867, set new marks in 1882, 1883, 1897, 1912, 1913, 1922; and this year's flood, with its high stage close to 56, marks the highest water in the history of the mighty river. As Mr. Parker's article, elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, shows, the levees, reducing the width of the available channel, seem progressively to increase the flood danger against which they are supposed to guard.

We are face to face here with forces of nature which make man seem a puny, helpless thing. China has struggled for four thousand years to guard her fields against the ravages of the Yellow River, "the Curse of China," in vain, and all our vaunted engineering progress has not sufficed to harness these waters. Sixty years ago the Yellow River calmly shifted its course and poured into the sea two hundred miles north of its ancient mouth. The Mississippi has been less fitful, but scarcely less destructive. It has been reshaping its course for millenniums. The original site of Hard Times, Louisiana, is now in Mississippi—the river, in one of its capricious moods, moved its course a few miles west. Scores of once prosperous riverside towns for decades have sat in silence with miles of hard ground, newly deposited, between them and their river. Mark Twain reckoned, fifty years ago, that the Mississippi, breaking through its own meanders, had reduced its length between Cairo and New Orleans from 1,215 to 973 miles in 176 years. Since his day government efforts have tended to keep the river in its old channel, but even today there is no engineer who can calculate with certainty when a levee will yield or what a dynamited crevasse may mean.

Mark Twain was on board the first ship to attempt one of the Mississippi's new channels and he gives a vivid picture of the birth of a cut-off:

> When the water begins to flow through one of those ditches it is time for the people thereabouts to move. The water cleaves the banks away like a knife. By the time the ditch has become twelve or fifteen feet wide the calamity is as good as accomplished, for no power on earth can stop it now. When the width has reached a hundred yards, the banks begin to peel off in slices half an acre wide.

In the great flood of 1882 Mark Twain went up-river in one of the relief boats. The river, between Fort Adams on the left bank and Rapides Parish on the right, flowed sixty miles wide; its normal course could only be guessed by the lines of tree-tops barely rising out of the water. People were living on rafts tied to these tree-tops, or were gathered on the Indian mounds which are havens of refuge again today. Some who had moored their cattle on huge rafts paddled about in canoes, stripping the trees of leaves to feed their stock.

"Someone's house passed through Memphis today, bound for the Gulf of Mexico," a reporter noted this year. Mark Twain too noted the barns, the hen-houses, the neatly split fence rails floating down the devastating river—and the lithograph of a soldier on horseback, mute witness of some hearth invaded and despoiled. John James Audubon saw a more primitive Lower Mississippi:

> All is silent and melancholy [he wrote], unless when the mournful bleating of a hemmed-in deer reaches your ear, or the dismal scream of an eagle or a raven is heard, as the foul bird rises, disturbed by your approach, from the carcass on which it was allaying its craving appetite. Bears, cougars, lynxes, and all other quadrupeds that can ascend the trees are observed crouched among their top branches. Hungry in the midst of abundance, although they see floating about them the animals on which they usually prey, they dare not venture to swim to them.

Audubon tells of seeing a cow swim through the second-story window of a house, seven feet from the ground and sixty-two feet above the normal level of the Ohio River, in the great flood of 1828.

But the floods of Audubon's day and of Mark Twain's were small compared to the disaster which has overtaken the valley States in 1927. More people dwell on the bottom-lands today, and there is more water on the rampage. Already ten million acres are flooded; the damage may be more than a billion dollars; a hundred and fifty people are dead, and 200,000 are refugees from their homes. There is worse to come. Secretary Hoover watched the waters pouring with their terrific silent mass past Memphis, and calculated that then, when the floodtide had not yet been reached, ten times the volume of water which pours over Niagara at its fullest was rushing by.

How vast the damage will be when the full flood-tide reaches the Lower Delta no man yet knows. But we know enough already. We stand face to face with one of those awful cataclysms of nature which overwhelm the calculations and responsibilities of men. We must, and soon, face the problem of flood control as this country has never faced it before. We shall need the best engineering advice obtainable; we may have to give back to the river reservoir-lands which had been reclaimed for cultivation; we may need long-range programs of reforestation. But in the immediate present we have the emergency problem of relief. We gave in war time; we gave for the Russian famine and the Japanese earthquake. Perhaps we are a little tired and cynical today. Collections lagged when the President called for a first $5,000,000, and now he asks $10,000,000 for the Red Cross. Surely whatever is needed will be poured forth.

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Translated Literature

THE steps by which the literature of one country becomes available to the readers of another must always be more or less random and blundering. Europe's choice of American books is difficult for Americans to understand, and the European has much to complain of when he considers which of his native authors we seem to prefer. Often, to be sure, our preferences are merely seeming—we can choose only among those books which get translated, and the accidents governing translation are many. Translators cannot be found for books we ought to know, payment for the arduous task being proverbially small; or publishers cannot be convinced that the enterprise will pay; or the books do get translated and published, only to meet with the cold eye of a country which has no basis in emotional or intellectual experience for understanding the medium out of which the writers speak. It is all as uncertain as the question whether in any country at any time its best native literary talent is discovered or encouraged.

Still we do pretty well; a glance over the announcements of the present season reveals the fact that we are getting a goodly number of important and interesting books from abroad. Out of the list of Notable Spring Books printed in the recent book number of *The Nation* one can extract a special list of fifty translations from the French, the German, the Russian, the Scandinavian, the Italian, the Dutch, the Chinese, and the Japanese which, if it is not a list truly representative of those literatures, is yet a list of distinguished works in many fields. Of 50 titles thus examined we observe that 19 are French—the largest number contributed by any nationality. Germany comes next with 13, Russia follows with 9, the Scandinavian countries with 4, Italy with 2, China with 1, Japan with 1, and Holland with 1. Fiction predominates as a type, but literary criticism and biography come not far after, with history and politics close behind. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that *The Nation's* list did not include titles of technical works in the various departments of scholarship; and it is not claimed that the list was a perfect one within any limits.

We should say that the most striking contribution of the season was made by the French in the department of literary criticism. Paul Valéry's "Variety," Ramon Fernandez's "Messages," and Pierre-Quint's "Marcel Proust" are all works of the first importance, and each of them was overdue. The last of the three, incidentally, contains most of the details which a foreigner would want to have concerning the most singular literary life of the twentieth century—details which are almost necessary for an understanding of the endless masterpiece which Proust remembered out of his lost years. But France also sends another volume of Romain Rolland's new great novel, "The Soul Enchanted"; and Germany with Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," Russia with Gorki's "Decadence," Norway with the third member of Sigrid Undset's brilliant trilogy, and Japan with one more volume of "The Tale of Genji" in the flawless English of Arthur Waley help to distinguish the spring output of fiction. In the firmament of biography there is, of course, the bright star of Emil Ludwig, whose long but very rapid and readable books on the Kaiser and Napoleon come to us this year after an easily comprehensible success in Germany.

Albert J. Beveridge

"THE boy orator" they called him when he was chosen to the United States Senate at thirty-seven, and in some respects the title fitted Albert Beveridge. A plow-boy at twelve years and a logger and teamster at fifteen, he was gifted with unusual eloquence. But he did not at first always think his dicta through. Indeed, within him the progressive and the conservative fought at all times; at times one was uppermost, then the other. During the Roosevelt days he was Progressive to the backbone and in his latter years he supported Coolidge, in his opinions the antithesis of the Roosevelt who went down to defeat at the Armageddon of 1912. Because he was not clear-cut enough, Mr. Beveridge lost his last race for the Senate in 1922, a year when other Progressives won easily. None the less, the failure of Indiana to return Mr. Beveridge to his seat—especially when, four years later, it reelected the incredible James E. Watson—was regrettable enough. There were certain issues which he saw correctly; at all points he had matured. On foreign questions he was sound and far-reaching. He even honorably earned the epithet pro-German because he went to Europe in the early days of the war and viewed events beyond seas without putting on the spectacles of hate and fear and ignorance worn by most American observers. He kept his head then, and so did he in dealing with after-the-war problems.

As to these he had incisive opinions and let who would know them. He opposed the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations and clearly understood why Europe failed to recover its economic and spiritual health as quickly as it should have. Again, he spoke out fearlessly upon the domestic attacks on our ancient liberties; he believed that constitutional guaranties were guaranties and meant what they said. Yet, when it came to a choice between the Progressivism of La Follette and the reaction of Coolidge he chose the latter, and only recently he expressed himself as favoring the reelection of the President to a third term.

In his later years Mr. Beveridge turned with greatest satisfaction to the historical field, in which he won such deserved honors by his "Life of John Marshall." Made somewhat difficult by its heavy style, it yet won as wide acclaim as any historical work of recent years. The Pulitzer Prize was but one of the many deserved honors bestowed upon its author. That he could not live to complete the similarly monumental work upon Lincoln, upon which he had for years been engaged, is more than a personal tragedy; it makes his death a doubly profound loss to the whole world of history and of letters. For there exists no such life of the Emancipator as his was sure to be. The deeper he delved into his materials, the more he probed into unpublished data, the more convinced he was—like many another historian—that the true Lincoln, the politician and statesman, is yet to be portrayed; that some of the standard works are as determined to exalt their subject unduly as was Sparks when he wrote his life of Washington. It will be impossible to find anyone else so peculiarly fitted to complete this work. To his great knowledge of public affairs at home and abroad, his historical talent and oratorical ability, there were added a breath of view and a personal charm that made Mr. Beveridge the warm friend of political opponents as well as allies.

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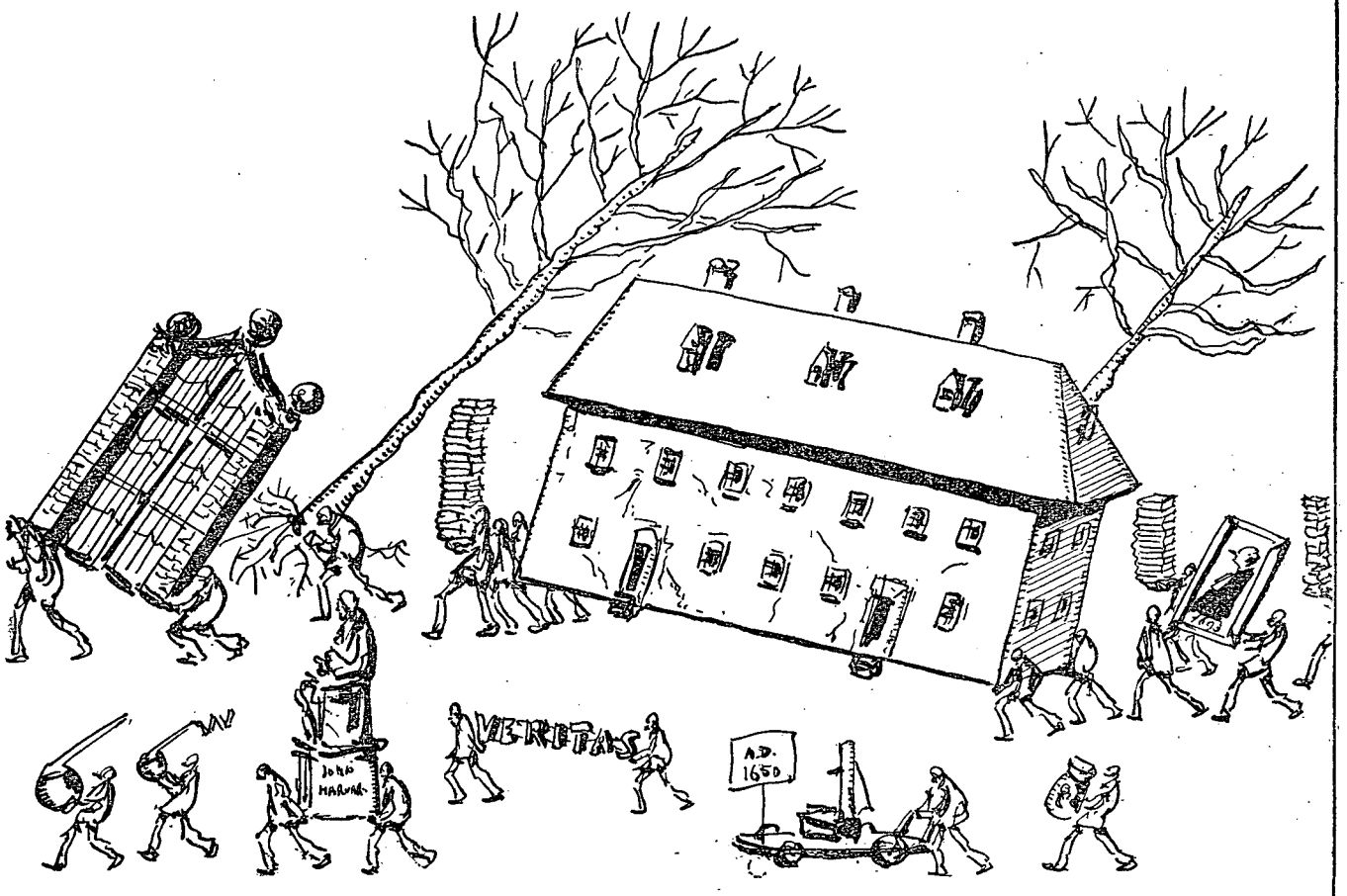

On account of the intellectual and literary gag-laws of Massachusetts Harvard University will shortly move shop and transfer its activities to Dayton, Tennessee.

Moving Shop

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Curbing the Mississippi

By WALTER PARKER

THE federal government's "levees-only" or "confinement-only" policy of flood control, developed and adhered to for forty-eight years by the Mississippi River Commission, has gone bankrupt. The levees are almost completed to the full size approved by the commission. Yet, were they all built to that size, without a single low spot, and were they all to hold, the 1927 flood in the Mississippi River would go over the top of every one of them.

Floods occurred in the Mississippi Valley before 1879. But those early floods spread out over the bottom lands which, to the extent of thousands of square miles, acted as natural reservoirs. At that time there were many auxiliary outlets, as far up as Arkansas City. In time of flood, relief came to the overcharged river through these outlets which led by shorter routes to the Gulf. The forests along the source streams and the grass mat under them made the ground porous. The trees themselves consumed much water. Here and there towns and plantations were protected by levees which today would be considered inadequate.

Congress, appealed to for safety measures, in 1879 created a Mississippi River Commission to develop a comprehensive plan for flood control. The plan when completed was known as the "levees-only" or "confinement-only" plan. It proposed to close all the outlets of the Mississippi except the passes at the mouth of the river, and to build a solid line of levees from the head of the passes to Cairo. It included no relief works of any kind—just confinement between earth dikes.

That the forests were being cut from the watershed, that low places were being drained, marshes and lakes destroyed, sewerage systems installed, drainage run-off hastened in every way throughout the drainage basin—these facts were not taken account of in the plan. The planters and townsfolk knew nothing about source-stream control; they were told that by closing the auxiliary outlets the river itself would bore a channel large enough to take care of any floods that might come down. The idea of relief in the lower valley through controlled spillways was not entertained.

To keep the flood drainage of one set of States off the farms and towns of other States was not openly talked of. Originally some 30,000 square miles of natural reservoirs existed in the Mississippi Valley. Of these some 27,000 square miles have been partially reclaimed by levees, largely at the expense of the federal government. One effect of this reclamation throughout the upper half of the Lower Mississippi Valley has been to throw a greatly increased flood burden on the long-cultivated lands of the lower half of the lower valley. Thus the process which enriched the Northern landowner has resulted in the destruction of many valuable Southern plantations.

For a long time Congress appropriated meager sums for levee-building and bank-revetment work for the purpose of improving navigation. Meanwhile, political levee boards, with local taxing powers, in the States of Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana began to name Congressmen and Senators. These boards needed help from the federal government in their efforts to build their levees higher and wider to take care of the flood levels, which increased as the levee lines were extended.

In 1912 a great flood swept over Bolivar County in Mississippi, and for the first time organized opposition to "levees only" developed. But the Mississippi River Commission, the political levee boards, and the "levees-only" politicians decided to demand $10,000,000 annually from Congress for five years, against which the localities would match $5,000,000 with which to build the levees higher and wider. Congress was told that if this fund were provided the levees would all be raised to the Mississippi River Commission standard and that thereafter the valley would be safe from floods.

But the "levees-only" advocates found that a strong opposition party had grown up in Congress, and that this new group, while advocating liberal sums for levee-building and bank-revetment, insisted that through a Congressional act provision be made for the development of a broader and more effective plan of flood control. To this end they proposed a bill creating a commission to make a comprehensive study of all drainage basins and to bring forward a plan providing for the use of the water resources of the United States for beneficial purposes—irrigation, navigation, power—in place of their waste in destructive floods; for relief by spillways and other works; and for the creation of adequate levees and bank protection to keep the remainder of the interstate drainage off the lands that were to be protected.

In 1917 the "levees-only" members, under pressure, agreed to vote for the constructive measure in exchange for votes for the "levees-only" fund of $10,000,000 a year for five years. Both bills passed, the constructive measure as Section 18 of the Rivers and Harbors Bill of 1917, carrying an appropriation of $250,000 for investigation and report. Unfortunately, in that year the chief proponent of the measure, Senator Francis G. Newlands, died, and in 1919 the "levees-only" people, who had their big appropriation, brought about the repeal of Section 18.

Another great flood came down the Mississippi in 1922 and broke all previous high-water marks. In 1912 the Cypress Creek outlet into the Tensas Basin, near Arkansas City, had relieved the Mississippi River of some 300,000 cubic feet of water per second, confirmed by a measurement in 1916. After the flood of that year the outlet was closed. Denied that relief, and encountering stronger levee resistance, the 1922 flood climbed higher than did the 1912 flood. Again the levees broke.

And again the advocates of the "levees-only" plan went to Congress for another appropriation of $10,000,000 a year for six years. They said: "The 1922 flood has forced a change in levee construction. More yardage is required. The levees must be higher and larger than we calculated when we came here before." Congress gave them the additional money.

Part of the money was used to close five of the eight miles of outlet from the Mississippi into the Atchafalaya River in Louisiana. In 1912 and again in 1922 that outlet had relieved the Mississippi of some 400,000 cubic feet of

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water per second at the crest of the flood, and sent it direct to the Gulf by a shorter route than down the Mississippi. (How important such relief is, is shown by the fact that only 280,000 cubic feet per second pass over Niagara Falls.)

And now, with the greatest flood on record, there is no outlet at Cypress Creek and only a partial outlet into the Atchafalaya. The levees are higher and wider than ever before. Less natural reservoir capacity remains available to the great river. So there is nothing left for the Father of Waters, called upon to carry more flood drainage than can be contained between the earthen levee lines, but to climb higher and higher until broken levees give it relief.

The effect of the 1927 flood will be to convince the people of the valley that "levees only" cannot protect them from great floods; that levees plus controlled spillways are essential on the southern half of the river, and that levees plus source-stream control must be relied on north of Vicksburg. The first need is competent engineering investigation. The Newlands-O'Connor Bill (H. R. 5025), providing for a commission including the Secretaries of War, Agriculture, and the Interior, and competent engineers would have helped solve the problem; it should be passed at the next Congress.

In spite of the disastrous failure of their policy as demonstrated in the present flood there is small doubt that the next move of the "levees-only" politician will be to ask for more federal money with which to build the levees higher and wider than before.

These Modern Women

Free—For What?

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the fourteenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for May 25.*]

I WAS born in a British colony and transported early to the Middle Western part of the United States, where I have lived most of four decades. My witty, well-educated, clerical father moved his family frequently from one home mission field to another to the joy of his gipsyish offspring and the distress of his wife, who wished to settle and rear their large family where good schools and gracious people were. We had to restrain the baby from saying in public: "Papa, I want to move again. When are we going to move?"

The philosophy of family life as enunciated by my father ran something like this: Because we were superior people—just why I did not know—we must behave extremely well. We must get the best grades in school, we must be mannerly and well informed, we must, while on duty as clergyman's children, conceal the spirits that were endured —and sometimes enjoyed and fostered—at home. Some important things to know were: Only badly informed persons believed in a protective tariff. Parnell was magnificent and when he fell the world was set back fifty years. Woman suffrage was right and girls were as clever as boys, but they must prove it. Prohibition probably never would come but one should work for it, and the saloon was evil. Europe —Sweden especially—managed the liquor question better. People who believed in the millennium were asses. The plutocracy of the United States is far more dangerous, as time will show, than is the aristocracy of Europe. Americans are fine hospitable people who have not read history or studied logic. One must learn to argue, and if worsted must not lose one's temper or cry.

My mother bore too many children. Her daughters were fairly well treated, but she was too Christianly submissive. She did not have the joy in battle that most of her offspring had. Her children were always fiercely her partisans but grew to think her troubles were of her own making, though inescapably so.

My mother was a pretty literal Christian. She grieved when we told lies. She talked to us about turning the other cheek and sometimes for love of her we tried this experiment. Once I asked her if I could ever be beautiful like my lovely sister, and she said I could not because my eyes, my hair, my skin could never equal Jane's. I could, howeve be remarkable for goodness. I tried for twenty-four hours to practice this awful goodness in which you search your wicked heart for evil thoughts. I wound up by throwing a fork at a brother and rejoicing that it stood up on his coat shoulder with the prongs in the cloth, maybe even in him. I was completely done with such goodness. In order that we might look well-dressed mother turned, dyed, remade, and ornamented clothes for years. We did not, as mother would have, tell inquisitive people, a clergyman's affairs being everybody's business, that our aunts sent us clothing, blankets, table linen. Instead, my sister and I would reply to questions with a succession of contradictory fibs and titter, "One of the answers is true. Guess which."

Because we never remained long in one place we escaped much conformity. We enjoyed the histrionic aspect of our lives. Clergymen and their families can never be as righteous as they are supposed to be. When my father peevishly went back on his principles and treated us unjustly, we told him he was a hypocrite; but when he attempted for the sixth time to give up his secret smoking his children urged him not to do this.

There was often excellent talk at home. The educated and freethinking men and women of the community frequented our place. My father argued on all sides of every subject. Usually, we had the best library in the small towns in which we lived. The village atheist and my father had a covert fondness for each other. I still wonder why this skeptical, able man was not more ambitious. Why was he content to be a home missionary, wasting his energies on the aid society, the choir, the missionary society? It may have been an Old World delight in leisure, in freedom to read and to meditate. Maybe he was one of the thousands of seeming misfits in life, whose misplacement was heightened by a dependence upon the Lord, which is only a disguise for laziness. He had not always been lazy. He had left Ireland when twelve years old and had earned his way

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by teaching through Knox College in Toronto and through Princeton in the United States. He had felt "called" to home missionary work and it seemed to me had failed to do much for himself or for others in it.

Much that was joyous in life we early learned must be arrived at deviously. Every congregation had its cranks who supped at our house and aired their theories. The godly might not dance, flirt, or play cards. Did my parents know that I read George Eliot, an author who was a disreputable woman, such a guest inquired one night. Horror made my food tasteless. My father said he did not disapprove of this reading although he had not known of it. After supper he would read to the guest some pages showing her how moralistic this author was. I had to kneel and endure the indecency of hearing my brother prayed over by a caller who had come to complain that Duncan had fought when "preacher's son" was called after him in a new school. After the sudden death of this brother my father no longer asked his other sons not to defend themselves.

We children became adepts at selecting our kind in each new town into which we moved. Our kind were the lively and loyal, whose environment was like ours or who could be counted on to join us in concealing a common guilt. We fetched treasures with us which made for popularity—a strangely marked cat, a tailless hen, white mice, a lame dog, a canary, and seven and finally eight of ourselves. Sometimes while paint was drying in the parsonage we were distributed as guests in various homes. When we foregathered again my second brother had the nucleus of his gang, my pretty sister her following, and I, the oldest, had learned who were the unco guid and who might be fellow-sinners.

Because I must not dance the dances that I went to can never be equaled on this side of paradise. Once after choir practice the beau whom my mother most approved called to get my raincoat and to tell her that I was spending the night with Mary Cleveland, an elder's daughter. I did go, but not until 4 a.m., after a dance, and I woke jerkily at intervals to wonder what would happen should a pillar in the church tell my father on me.

I read much. I perceived hypocrisy speedily and despised all but my own practices of it. I did my duty by the Sunday school, the Christian Endeavor Society, and prayer meeting because I tacitly admitted that these were my jobs and not bad ones when embroidered with sociability. I learned not to repeat my father's remarks after observing his handsome apology occasioned by my babbling. He had made, he confessed, the remarks about Mrs. Jordan's purple hat and triple chins. It was not Christ-like and it was ungentlemanly. He asked her pardon for this and hoped she would blame him entirely and not his little daughter, who had told only the truth. He walked into his study after the episode without reproaching me and left me stricken with shame and moved to my depths with admiration. For weeks I did not say he was a hypocrite.

When I finished high school at sixteen there was no money to send me to college, so I taught a country school and met with what I then thought a burning injustice. This was supposed to be a difficult school and the directors doubted if a woman could manage it. The sons of two of these trustees jumped out of a window when kept after school for some disobedience. My discipline was wrecked if I could not dominate the situation. After the morning exercises I sent the two muscular young corn-huskers to get a switch. They brought a proper one, but the more knavish boy would not, for half an hour, let me punish him. Everyone knew that, strong young tomboy that I was, I could not thrash him unless he would consent. I conquered him by sticking to the project until he gave up and agreed that he was in the wrong. I punished him hard, and then more lightly hurt his disciple. I was sick at heart about it all day because I had played pull away and other games with these boys daily, and their folly was mere boyish bravado. However, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that this affair was intended to try me out. The farmer at whose house I boarded had told me, what I sensed myself, that I must win in the struggle or resign. The next day, a peaceful one, the three farmer directors stalked majestically into the schoolroom. After the pupils left, the father of the more stubborn boy scolded me for whipping his son. He conceded grudgingly that the boy should not disobey and that he should be punished, but he growled sullenly that I should not have done it. I was amazed to hear myself saying passionately: "You talk to me like this because I am a woman. A man would knock you down." My three guests filed mutely out. The director could not endure the laughter that followed the story as embellished by his associates and he resigned.

Later I went to one of the dismal normal schools that flourished throughout the country twenty years ago. I had read more widely than most of my instructors. The "bunk" in education bored me. Twittering about squirrels and birds, sentimentalizing over flowers, being sweet over nothing—this was nature study. I worked at mathematics and Latin and helped my fellow-students creep out of the dormitory. I did not myself steal out because it was not exciting enough in comparison with the life of intrigue against social pressure that I always led. One dormitory head was not nearly so hard to manage as were the several persons I had always heretofore needed to build defenses against.

When, at last a responsible person, I was teaching school away from home, life was less zestful and thrilling than in my parents' house. Here were no rules to break. I played cards gladly for one winter and have since then found them boresome. Dancing and flirting charmed me then and do still, but then as now I regarded them as trifles, not essentials. I was unmotivated and, except when I worked and played myself weary, a little unhappy. What was life for? Where was beauty? Where significance? I wanted children, but not marriage. I wanted men about me who were like my father, but more patient. I attract and like rascals, but villainy is not enough.

I taught for a while in the State Normal School from which I had graduated. The head of the English department got $1,500 a year for teaching two classes, while I got $900 for teaching four. He read, he boasted, nothing since Carlyle and Emerson. Between classes he raised pigs, played politics, grew rich. I liked Meredith, Henry James, Ibsen, Shaw, and wanted to stir student minds with them, but I had too little influence against my chief's inertia, partly because I was a young woman, and partly because I had no degree. Presumably more education would mean more salary, too. I hied me to college, after borrowing money from a stranger.

Life at the reputedly heretical university that I chose was useful. Sociology met needs in my mental make-up. Service as interpreted by sociology had meaning for me that organized religion never had. Suffrage enthusiasm was pleasing to me, but only the enthusiasm was unusual. I belonged at sight to all the liberal thought in the atmosphere.

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I observed girls getting with delight what I had been brought up on. Sex, which we read about, talked about, studied about, was absorbing, but the frank and sensible modern reaction to it was not startling to me. I was indignant when my attitude toward it shocked listeners.

I returned to teaching and to social work with a purposefulness that I had not before had. Joining the Women's Trade Union League and the Teachers' Union brought me into touch with organized labor. This contact has captivated and held me. Like everything else that I have gone in for it is not enough, but I can find nothing better or more fundamental in our national life to which I can be attached.

I have run for office unsuccessfully on a progressive ticket. I am used to being punished for being a woman, a progressive, a scientifically minded educator, and, most of all, a person aware of corruption and graft.

I feel no need for more freedom, but I want a world in which the freedom I now have can be used. We women are free, but free for what? I move from disillusionment to fresh illusions. To be free makes life what it has always been, enticing. But my adventurous and questing mind was never so thwarted as it has been since I got my citizenship. The industrial and political world is in hands like mine today. Are we, while I live, going to get courage and wisdom to match our freedom? I am hopeful that we shall, but I suspect that I shall be disappointed as usual.

The Collapse of the Needle Trades

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

3. The Luck that Goes with Brains

"OUR organization is stronger at this moment than ever before," President Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers informed me with an air of finality. This is fundamentally true, in spite of much gossip to the contrary in the other progressive needle trades. The indubitable recovery of the union from its somewhat run-down condition between 1920 and 1925 is due to three factors—to its inheritance, to the nature of its industry, and to the tactical genius of Sidney Hillman.

The Amalgamated split from the United Garment Workers in 1914, with the bulk of its membership. This split was not fundamentally along lines of economic and social radicalism. The rank and file objected to the Rickert machine in the United Garment Workers because it offered no protection and was incapable of organizing the vast unorganized market. By and large, the original Amalgamated membership, with the exception of the Jewish New York tailors, was a typical "pure and simple" trade-union constituency. From the very beginning the Amalgamated leadership has been in the vanguard of its rank and file.

Hillman was one of the original leaders in the Hart Schaffner and Marx strike of 1910. He is a member of Chicago Local 39. And Chicago is the strategic base of the union, for Chicago is the market of the largest and hence most controllable factories. Following the formation of the Amalgamated, Hillman spent a great deal of time perfecting the Chicago organization. It is the strongest section in the union. It sustained the New York organization during the great lockouts of 1918-1919 and 1920-1921. It supplies much of the sinews of war in most strikes.

It is fashionable to praise Sidney Hillman for his successful cooperation with the employers in the industry. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Amalgamated has conducted more strikes in a briefer period than any other union in America. Hillman does not cooperate with the employers, but with the economics of the men's clothing industry, of which the employers are a part. The central policy of the Amalgamated is to organize the unorganized shops, a strategy in which it has engaged without the slightest let-up since its foundation. Every other policy is subservient to this practical ideal of achieving a national closed-union market. In 1925 the Amalgamated conducted a costly strike at the Curlee shop in St. Louis, partly because the non-union St. Louis territory is dangerous to the organized Chicago field. It is because the Amalgamated conducts strikes with an eye to the correct economic direction of the industry as a whole that its strikes never deteriorate into dog fights, but are in the nature of clean-cut, scientific surgical performances. Like all great fighters Hillman is quite ruthless, though he seldom stoops to conquer, simply because stooping is not the way of permanent conquest. Of course, when the employer uses gangsters, Hillman does not send him tracts on tolerance. The Amalgamated when it strikes an employer tends to paralyze him. It lost the Curlee strike, but it weakened the Curlee shop for later attack. In the strike against the International Tailoring Company it was the Amalgamated which supplied the factory with "scabs" and tore into it with such fine frenzy that the management simply had to give in. The whole program of the Amalgamated is to extend its organization and then to improve the economics of the industry, which it constantly studies. It never makes demands on the employer which he cannot meet.

Hillman's attitude toward factional struggles within the union is equally anti-opportunistic and realistic. He cares nothing, and he is shrewd enough to be honest about it, for the political beliefs of an Amalgamated member, who may be an anarchist, a Coolidge Republican, a Fascist, or a "Leninist." The member must be "responsible" in his relations with the union. The administration is strictly centrist; it is not in the dangerous center between the anvil of reaction and the hammer of radicalism. It is neutral because the American industrial scene demands of an economic organization a strict economic program. And such a program, consistently devoted to swift combat with industrial forces, naturally tends to liquidate political factionalism.

This policy of realism, both in facing the economics of the industry and political factionalism within, has enabled the Amalgamated to arrest the disintegrating factors in the industry which set in after the 1920-1921 lockout in New York City and lasted until after the settlement of the International Tailoring Company strike; and to stamp out the Left-Right war which raged from 1922 to 1925, especially in New York City.

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On the whole, the men's clothing industry is still an "inside shop" industry. Men's styles seldom change. In the women's wear industry, the cloak- and skirtmaker who can start a submanufacturing hole-in-the-wall on $500 credit is a congenital enterpreneur, constantly in and out of the union. But the men's clothing tailor is a fairly static type, even though his skill also has been largely taken away through sectionalization of industrial processes. It takes thousands of dollars to open even a small men's clothing shop.

Hence, in the men's clothing industry the tendency, so marked in the women's garment trade, of the big "inside shop" to regress into the sweatshop has not been an important disruptive factor. The New York market is still infested with small contractors of coats, pants, and vests. But they are the heritage of the old sweatshop days. The lockout of 1920-1921, which the union won, left the New York industry in a badly crippled state. Much of the local business went to other centers. It left the union with lessened control. The machinery of collective bargaining disintegrated completely. And the manufacturers began using contractors indiscriminately. The Amalgamated tried to force the registration of the contractors with the manufacturer; but it was only after the walk-out of 40,000 workers in 1922 that the union succeeded in making the manufacturer responsible for his contractors.

From 1921 to 1925 there was also a tendency on the part of the more troublesome employers to leave the great organized clothing cities for unorganized centers or to maintain satellite scab centers. The Communist attack on the International Ladies' Garment Workers began soon after the organization of the Trade Union Educational League in 1922. But the Amalgamated leadership was so obviously on the left of its own rank and file that the Communists did not dare attack it, until the growing industrial confusion in the New York market encouraged them to make the attempt. Following the participation of the Amalgamated in the 1924 Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action, which indorsed the La Follette campaign, and after the Communist-controlled Joint Action Committee had captured the cloakmakers' joint board of the Ladies' Garment Workers Union in New York, this same committee turned against the union administration. The *Freiheit* and the *Forward* jumped into the fray and the Right-Left struggle was projected into the Amalgamated as bitterly as in the other progressive needle trades. The gains of the strike during the summer of 1924 were squandered through bitter factionalism. During the strike against the International Tailoring Company in 1925 the Communists definitely sabotaged the administration. Factional demoralization was beginning to spread to other centers, though it could not break through the strong Chicago organization. The Joint Action Committee, practically in control of the men's clothing Joint Board, began to approach the employers as the legitimate union organization and even collected funds from the membership.

Finally, the general executive of the Amalgamated decided to act. The children's and men's clothing workers had operated through separate joint boards which led to industrial confusion and so encouraged factionalism. The two boards were merged. The executive board of New York Local 5 was suspended for constitutionally specified illegalities, and the three worst offenders on that board were suspended from the union, not as Communists, but for specified, constitutionally prohibited disruptive activities. However, what really won the day for the administration was the perfect strategy with which it took the rank and file into its confidence, frightening it into the realization that factionalism was destroying the union.

During 1925 the administration rapidly gained the upper hand. The favorable renewal of the agreement in the Chicago market, the victories in the strikes against the International Tailoring Company shops in New York and Chicago, the arrest of the movement of the industry into unorganized territory, the organization of the Nash plant in Cincinnati, the growing effectiveness of the reestablished impartial machinery in New York City under the able chairmanship of Jacob Billikopf, the stabilization of the larger New York employers under the new Clothing Manufacturers Exchange—all these reconstructive factors contributed toward the gradual elimination of the Right-Left struggle. And by the end of 1926 Hillman's slogan of "Policy versus Politics" had won.

[*The situation in the Fur Workers' Union will be described in a later article, and a postscript added on Where the Needle Trades Are Going.*]

The Newest Profession

By MORRIS L. ERNST

OUT of the terrific and recurrent losses falling to investors in stock-market securities there has emerged a new profession, "investment counsel." The ordinary investor today purchases securities from stock-exchange houses or through banks. From such sources he seldom can get entirely disinterested advice. Most stock-exchange houses are members of syndicates organized to float securities; many in addition are traders in the very securities which they offer to their customers. This leads to substantial but usually undisclosed conflicts of interest, and the investor, asking advice from a stock-exchange firm, is never quite sure that it may not be influenced by the facts that certain securities are lying heavy on the firm's shelves, that others will yield wider profits to a firm which is itself a member of the underwriting group.

At his bank the investor is faced with the same situation. Most of the larger banking institutions run separate security companies and are members of the underwriting syndicates. Many large trust companies seem to be more interested in developing their securities-sales departments than in the profits that can be derived from an ordinary banking business. Hence the need for and the appearance of professional advisers who have had experience in appraising properties, analyzing financial circulars, and watching market tendencies. Their fees are not contingent on the success of their advice or on the amount of turnover, but are proportioned to the amount of the capital fund which is to be invested. The fee charged usually covers all services rendered for a period of a year. Now a stock-exchange house lives by creating turnover. The more it can persuade its customers to sell securities and rebuy others, constantly changing their list of holdings, the greater its gross income. The professional adviser, however, whose fee is based only upon the capital fund to be invested, with no relation to turnover, has no incentive to urge needless shiftings of market positions. To remove any criticism as to conflict of

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interests he should invest all his own personal funds in such securities as Liberty bonds or mortgages on real estate which are beyond the realm of advice which he may give to clients.

This new profession may have significant results. When a single firm of advisers acts as consultant for securities totaling a hundred million dollars—as many of them soon will—its clients will have a chance to become articulate. Situations have already developed where financial advisers representing only two or three million dollars have been able to call the president of a large corporation into conference. No one of their individual clients could have got past the outside door of the third assistant to the second vice-president; no ten of them together could have obtained one-tenth of the information given to the firm of advisers. Moreover, none of the individual stockholders would have the experience necessary to know what questions to ask of the president or to analyze the information after it was received. Thus the investment counselor may help to solve the much-discussed problem of stockholders' control.

Should this new profession develop and expand it may make possible a reduction in the cost of the distribution of securities, and eliminate the wasteful thousands of bright-faced college graduates who spend their days persuading investors to sell one stock and buy another. Professional advisers are free to state and publish their opinions on any subject on which they are called upon for advice. In the United States we have not yet reached the stage of full and free comment in regard to financial problems. For example, recently a new security was issued. It was underwritten by leading bankers. The announcement made by these most reputable bankers was honest as far as it went, but it was thoroughly dishonest in that it failed to set forth further essential facts. Today the newspapers do not dare to comment frankly upon such new underwritings; their advertising columns are too closely involved. The large daily newspapers could hardly accept advertisements for the distribution of new securities and, in the next column or in the editorial section, criticize the statements made in them or the fundamental merits of the security offered. But the public has a right to know the relation of assets to the selling price of securities, the defects and merits of the issues, and the powers of the bankers who control them. The professional financial adviser can give such advice and make disinterested, impartial, critical examination of financial circulars and statements, and, since he gets no commission for sales made following his advice, it is likely to be heeded.

Today these advisers operate only for large investors. Clients with capital funds of less than $100,000 are not very welcome. It may be that the cost of rendering such advice in connection with smaller funds will always be too costly. But a few years ago it was considered impossible to sell bonds to workers, and today the business flourishes; a group of advisers may arise whose main clientele will be workers and persons of limited means. The Labor Bureau, Inc., is already advising labor unions, cooperatives, and other social agencies on matters involving the collective interests of the members, and the individuals who make up such organizations can use and pay for advice directed toward the investment and safeguarding of their assets.

For the time being these professional advisers are not being fought by the larger financial interests. But if the system develops, keeping its advice clean of profit-influence, the large financial interests will have to fight against its growth. Banking houses that wish through a few shares of voting common stock to control tremendous issues of preferred and non-voting common stock, distribution-houses which seek to distribute securities on a commission basis on the theory that the more their clients shift their investments the richer the house will be, stock-exchange houses engaged in the underwriting of securities and in selling these same securities to their clients—all of these institutions will diminish in power if the professional-adviser system develops. It may be an exciting battle.

In the Driftway

A KIND correspondent, Aubrey H. Straus of Richmond, Virginia, calls attention to a proposal in that State to preserve a bit of genuine Americana that seems otherwise to have been neglected. He sends a cutting from the *Times-Dispatch*, in which James O'Meara of Burkes Garden, Virginia, suggests that the art of eating with the knife as practiced in the Old Dominion be filmed and passed on to posterity before it becomes as extinct as the making of flint arrowheads. The Virginia antiquarian describes in some detail the intricacies of the art as he has observed it. The artist starts with a plate of dry cornpone, butters his bread, then carefully presses it flat.

> He then inserts his knife under the bottom of the compacted layer, holding his fork down close at the other side of the plate. You wait, breathless, for the result: he loads his knife with a quick jerk of the wrist, lifts the implement, and deposits the mass of bread behind his teeth, without losing a crumb!

* * * * *

THE Drifter was not aware that eating with the knife was in danger of passing out, or that the technique of Virginia was superior to that of the rest of the country. He has seen Sinclair Lewis do a wonderful imitation of the art as practiced in the logging camps of the Northwest and has himself observed excellent examples of native skill in many parts of our glorious country. He has fondly supposed that the art would endure as long as food and knives remained to make it possible. But let us take no chances. In a day of national competitions in steer-roping, hog-calling, and black-bottoming, why not an all-American tournament in eating with the knife? Surely, such a contest would be more thrilling than an attempt to stay up a little while longer than someone else in an airplane. In earlier days, when it was a question with most aviators whether they could stay in the air at all, an endurance test had some point as a demonstration of skill. Now it is solely an engineers' problem in which the only apparent prowess of the aviators consists in their success in getting untold columns of advertising for the manufacturer of their airplane.

* * * * *

BY all means, then, let us have an all-American tournament in eating with the knife. Let the Fast Flying Virginians prove that they are better in form and finish than the loggers of the Northwest, the hog-raisers of the Mississippi Valley, or the stalwart Puritan progeny of New England. The Drifter will donate the knife. What equally generous philanthropist will provide the food, the stadium, the traveling expenses, and the prize money?

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

What Happened at Nanking

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In personal interviews with friends and relatives who went through the incident to the final evacuation, I have gathered some highlights on Nanking's "Black Thursday."

1. The soldiers belonged to a semi-independent force of Nationalist troops composed of rabidly anti-foreign Huanese and pig-tailed bandits, formerly belonging to Chang Hsun's gang.

2. They were permitted to loot and evidently told to drive foreigners out of Nanking—the murders being individual abuses of authority but considered inconsequential by their leaders.

3. Rich Chinese suffered as well as foreigners—soldiers forcibly billeting themselves in the better-class dwellings.

4. The Nanking Kuomintang was not responsible—in fact, its members tried to stop the violence and even aided foreigners to hide or escape.

5. The lower-class non-combatant inhabitants extended aid to the foreigners, voluntarily hiding them in their houses.

6. The attack on Socony Hill was precipitated by a marine guard firing on and killing three of the mob, contrary to the instructions of the United States Consul.

7. We suffered for one day the sort of banditry that Chinese in many parts of the country suffer almost every day.

8. The shooting of Chinese (Northern) soldiers by British troops in Shanghai on the previous Tuesday added greatly to the violence, the number of killed being, as usual, greatly exaggerated.

The looting was done by practiced looters. The case of W. F. Hummel is typical. When the soldiers appeared at his door he came downstairs to extend a cordial welcome, realizing the futility of defensive tactics. They pointed bayonets at him, and went through his pockets like practiced detectives, even taking the spectacles off his face. Backing him away to one side of the room, they deliberately smashed every piece of furniture in the room, taking the pieces away in bundles, evidently for firewood. In the midst of the hubbub he heard several of them raise a cry of "Fah Yang Tsai" ("Let us grow rich off the foreigners"). Wherever they found sufficient kerosene and other combustibles the looters made bonfires in the houses as a final stroke.

In the case of the murder of Dr. Williams, there is little clear evidence. He was walking with three or four others when a group of soldiers passed by. Nothing happened until he turned about to talk with them. One grabbed at his watch chain, which hung from a lapel. Within a few seconds, his companions heard a shot, and turned to see him lying on the ground. The soldiers were brandishing their guns as gymnasts would manipulate wands, but with crazed gestures and antics. One guess is as good as another; one of the soldiers may have waved his rifle muzzle in Dr. Williams's face and by accident pulled the trigger. Malicious intent does not seem substantiated when it is noted that the soldiers did not attempt to rob or fire on the other foreigners. The bullet is said to have entered the right cheek from below and passed out through the top of the head. This would not be the course of a bullet if the rifle had been aimed.

A number of refugees from the United States Consulate walked and ran about a mile and a half across open country to the Socony Hill. The Consul says the soldiers fired at them all the time. But if the soldiers had intended more than to frighten the runaways there would have been greater casualties. Only one marine guard was hit, and he is reported to have fired from where he lay, killing three oncoming soldiers. The guard had been requested not to fire under any circumstances.

The firing on the British consul and party appears to have been more deliberate, the intention evidently being to kill.

Several days before, one of the leading men of the Nanking Kuomintang body had been arrested by the Northern general in occupation of Nanking. His execution was expected instantly. Hearing of his arrest, Dr. Bowen, president of the Nanking University, at which the arrested man had studied, went to the Northern headquarters and promised to guarantee this man's good behavior if he were released. This saved his life. At a crucial moment, when the soldiers were threatening violence to Dr. Bowen and some of the faculty in the university compound, this man, in a disheveled condition, rushed into the compound and waved the soldiers back. "Don't shoot, don't shoot; this man saved my life!" he shouted.

Several other Kuomintang men were heard to declare during the looting: "If this is Nationalism, we don't want any of it." Many members helped foreigners to hide on the Thursday, and freely gave them money and other assistance.

The lower-class people, knowing they were secure from looting, voluntarily hid foreigners in their houses. Indeed, the Nationalist authorities, when faced with an ultimatum, had the greatest difficulty finding them. The gunboats had threatened to shell the important places of the native city unless the Nationalists delivered up every foreigner by 3 p. m. on Friday. This was extended, upon the earnest pleas of the Nationalist authorities, to 4, then to 5, finally to 6 p. m. The Nationalists swore they could not find the men—that they were hidden away.

That the shooting and killing of Fengtien soldiers by British troops in Shanghai on the previous Tuesday inflamed the soldiers in Nanking is generally believed by foreigners. Many Chinese were heard to speak of this "atrocity" on Wednesday, when the news reached Nanking. The first report said thousands had been killed. Similar exaggeration was applied to the shelling of Socony Hill. It was reported in Shanghai that 2,000 Chinese were killed; in Wuhu the figure was set at 200,000.

There is no means of telling how many Chinese were killed in the bombardment, but since it is known that the gunboats fired shrapnel as well as plain percussion shell into a mob of possibly more than a thousand, some place the killed at approximately one hundred and fifty.

Shanghai, China, March 30 O. D. RASMUSSEN

How Hester Won Her A

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the movie perversion of "The Scarlet Letter" was shown in Philadelphia, the manager engaged a lot of pretty girls, dressed them in Puritan costume, each with a big red A on her breast, and had them stroll up and down the principal streets. A friend of a friend of mine is said to have said: "If Hawthorne were writing that book now, he would call it 'How Hester Won Her A.'"

New York, April 18 A. E. HOLMAN

Alice M. House

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Alice M. House, of Cincinnati, died two and a half years ago, and when her will was probated it was learned that, after making provision for some relatives, a few boys in whom she had been interested, and other bequests, the residuary clause provided that the remainder of her estate was to go to "those organizations working for civil liberty and peace." Application was filed on behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Woman's Peace Society, and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, no others appearing, and when the estate was finally settled $5,000 went to each organization.

Miss House belonged to one of the old Methodist families of Cincinnati. She was actively interested in and worked for the cause of free speech and against war. She was one of the charter members of the first women's peace organization, which subsequently became the Women's International League. Her home, her energies, and her pocket-book were at various times requisitioned for these causes which meant so much to her.

Cincinnati, April 19 MARY D. BRITE

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International Relations Section

Democracy and Nationalism in Czecho-Slovakia

By G. E. R. GEDYE

"WE are being forced against our will," said a prominent Czech to me in Prague the other day, "to recognize that we shall have to develop as a state of nationalities and not as a national state." It is only one round of the contest between the Czech racial chauvinism which was born with the republic and the determination of the non-Czech subjects to secure cultural liberty—a determination given force by the recent entry of Germans and Slovaks into the Cabinet.

The present situation in Czecho-Slovakia is the reverse of that commonly met with in older countries. Here far-sighted leaders find themselves unable to pursue freely the progressive policies which they realize to be essential, largely because of the unschooled, reactionary nationalism of the Czech masses. The Czechs, as most of their political opponents readily admit, have been gifted with statesmen of a caliber seldom met with in modern Europe. M. Benes (whether you like him or not) has a flair for foreign policy which helps him to keep his place in the forefront despite the bitter hatred of which he is the object. First praised lavishly abroad and then unduly depreciated, his stock of statesmanship is now taken at its true value, which is at least far above the average. The estimates of President Masaryk's prescience have never varied much. The political ability of M. Svehla, the Prime Minister, has shown itself in the skill with which he has effected the desired combination of parties after protracted negotiations, and is evidence of the shrewdness of the peasant stock from which he springs. These and many other Czech pioneers have a vitality and talent for statecraft which seem to be rooted in the revolution, for the younger generation shows no sign of developing anything more exceptional than reliable rule-of-thumb bureaucrats to serve the state.

Czecho-Slovakia has not been favored beyond her needs. All the qualities of her statesmen are called for to keep the ship of state on her exceptionally difficult course. The start gained by racial hatred when unwilling Germans, Slovaks, Magyars, and Ruthenians were forced willy-nilly into the new republic in 1918 and remorselessly "put in their places" has never been retrieved. The far-sighted political leaders long ago realized the hopelessness of the Czech dream of a highly centralized state of Czech or Czechized nationals—a dream which most of these leaders had themselves encouraged in revolutionary days—and for which Dr. Kramars and his National Democrats still fight with conviction. But Germans and Slovaks, composing the two important minorities, sank class and party differences in the racial emergency and, each in the national camp, stood together to defend their educational, language, and general cultural freedom against the organized attempts of the Czechs (particularly of the Czech bureaucracy) to destroy them in the interests of "Czechization." The closing of German schools, the creation of artificial Czech minorities in purely German districts by introducing large numbers of Czech officials with their families, the use of land reform to "de-Germanize" and "Czechize" the land, the prohibition of the use of German signs by shops, banks, and other non-official concerns—these and a dozen other intolerant methods of procedure created bitterness for which the state now has to pay dearly. Most regrettable of all is the discrimination which was undoubtedly often shown against Germans and Hungarians in the execution of the land reform, in itself an urgently desirable and entirely justifiable measure. Yet the Czech chauvinists were foreordained to lose the battle—the population figures alone prove it. Out of some fourteen million subjects of the republic, the Czechs number some six and a half millions—less than half. The balance is made up of three and a half million Germans, two million Slovaks, and one and a half million Poles, Ruthenians, Magyars, and Jews.

Last year, when Czecho-Slovakia was ruled by a "Cabinet of Officials," the question of agrarian duties became urgent. For the first time in the history of the state, the German bourgeois parties, in order to secure a high protective tariff on agricultural products, voted with the Government. This was the thin edge of the wedge with which M. Svehla has now succeeded, after months of negotiation, in prying open the door leading to full interracial political cooperation. The final argument he used was: "If you stay outside, I must seek my majority in the old direction—with the Socialists and Czech National Socialists." Class interests finally triumphed over racial interests, and the German and Czech Agrarian and Clerical parties united with the National Democrats of Dr. Kramars to form the Cabinet which the Slovak Peoples' Party (predominantly Clerical) has now entered. For months the Czech Right parties tried to oust Dr. Benes (Czech National Socialist), their bitter foe, but President Masaryk insisted on retaining the man who is the exponent of his own views in foreign affairs. Should Masaryk actually have refused to accept reelection to the office of President, as it is stated he threatened to do in the event of Benes being driven out of office, in all probability an attempt would have been made to elect a Clerical. The Clerical parties are more reactionary than the Agrarian, and therefore more opposed to the basic ideas of the Czecho-Slovak state as expounded by Masaryk and Benes. M. Svehla, himself an Agrarian, succeeded in averting this danger. Benes is still Foreign Minister, although his old party is in opposition, but the campaign against him has not been finally abandoned. His main support is the Czech Legionnaires, who, with their own subsidized newspapers and their own banks, form a powerful body of personal supporters; the majority of them will stand by him in or out of office; the minority incline to the Fascist movement headed by General Gajda, the late chief of the Czech General Staff.

How long the present condition will last is uncertain. It is made up of so many mutually hostile groups that it appears to lack every element of permanence. As for the Opposition, it has not yet achieved even the semblance of unity. The German Social-Democrats are reluctant to combine with the Czech Socialists of either the "Democrat" or "National" brand, because they still see in them the exponents of racial oppression in matters of schools and of the use of their native tongue which they experienced under the late (Left) Government, the inheritor of the revolutionary nationalism of 1919. Nevertheless, steps toward establishing a united Left Opposition have already been

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taken. It seems probable that a gradually developing cooperation in opposition will form a body more stable than that produced by the opportunism of the Clericals and Agrarians who are nourishing, not abandoning, antipathies temporarily kept out of sight. If this proves to be the case, the present Cabinet may before long be succeeded by an "interracial," moderate Left group.

If one looks solely at Czech and German, this development appears inevitable. When one considers Czech and Slovak, the element of doubt creeps in. The Slovaks, held for generations in something like bondage by the Hungarians, are largely a backward peasant people to whom democracy is little more than a word. The Hungarians assert that they were not discontented under Magyar rule, and it is only fair to admit that, to a large extent, this is true. The high-handed way in which the Czechs have conferred "liberty" on their racial cousins, combined with assiduous Magyar irredentist propaganda, has produced great discontent with the present state of affairs. But freedom to speak and teach their own tongue has at least been conferred upon them; what they fear is the freethinking element among the Czechs, for they are devout Catholics. If the Czech Right parties have the good sense to concede their reasonable demands for complete school and religious freedom and for the full autonomy promised them in the so-called "Treaty of Pittsburg," it will be many years before the Slovaks will be found in a democratic coalition.

Though a simple folk placing their affairs entirely in the hands of the priests, the Slovaks, curiously enough, have done better than the Germans, for they have come into the Government on terms which go a long way toward satisfying their determination to secure autonomy. The Germans still complain bitterly of racial oppression and their ministers will have to fight within the Cabinet to obtain a degree of satisfaction that will assure their electoral supporters that they have not betrayed the German cause by joining the Government without having received a mandate to do so. But it is hard to imagine that they will obtain much from a government which comprises Dr. Kramars, that sincere and intransigent exponent of Czech nationalism.

It is to the urgent interests of the state that consolidation and internal peace should be secured through decentralization and the adoption of a federalist system. Economically, Czecho-Slovakia is suffering seriously from hostile tariff walls. Only because she is a richer country than Austria is so little heard about her economic difficulties. These are sufficiently serious for me to have been told by a well-informed person in Prague—not a Czech: "You will not be allowed in any periodical in Great Britain even to hint at the existing difficulties." The root of the trouble is, of course, that, with Austria, Czecho-Slovakia was the manufacturer for a nation of 52 millions, and has now a nation of 14 millions only to supply. How bitterly must the great Czech leaders rue today their insistence in 1919 on the break-up of the economic unity of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. This bond of economic suffering, together with that of democracy struggling to maintain itself against the aggressive absolutism of neighboring states, tends more and more to bring into harmony the policies of Czecho-Slovakia and that little Austrian Republic which she treated at first as a peril to her independence, but which more and more she is being forced to recognize as a fellow-sufferer (to a far greater degree than herself) from the earthquake of 1919. The inevitable complete Franco-German agreement will force Czecho-Slovakia to cultivate good relations with her great neighbor, Germany, who is her principal customer. The existence of the present reactionary regime in Hungary (whose subsidized press has just greeted with typically vitriolic abuse the peaceful advances of Dr. Benes) is a standing threat to her frontiers.

The Czecho-Slovak state has within it the germs of consolidation. The economic interests of the Germans of Bohemia and Moravia have forced them to recognize that their future is bound up with the Czecho-Slovak state and not with the Reich. But they will never accept their present condition of second-class citizenship; and as long as the Czech feels he is a better man than the German in the Czecho-Slovak state, so long will German irredenta flourish. The economic interests of the Slovaks draw them toward Hungary as much as those of the Germans bind them to the Czechs, but the Slovaks have tasted a degree of political liberty that the Hungarians refused them for centuries. Even the organ of Father Hlinka, the Slovak Clerical and anti-Czech leader, has recently expressed horror at the very idea of ever again coming under the rule of those responsible for such a cynical mockery of democracy as the last Hungarian elections. If they have not yet buried the hatchet with the Czechs, at least the grave has been dug.

Czecho-Slovakia is passing through a trying and bewildering period, but even though the life of the present Cabinet of the Right should be a short one, it has demonstrated at least the possibilities of racial union. Those who distrust absolutism and Fascism can be thankful that the Czecho-Slovak Republic, essentially democratic as it is, has every prospect of surviving in a Europe which, in the distress of its political *malaise*, is still inclined to experiment in quack dictatorships. The future belongs to that group of parties, of the Right or of the Left, which shows the greatest courage in sweeping away the barriers to consolidation created by national chauvinism. Under the pressure of external reactionary influences seeking the break-up of the state, the necessary reforms are bound to be effected.

Contributors to This Issue

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Foreign Book Section

Recent Spanish Literature

By ELISEO VIVAS

WE must consider, first of all, the generation of '98, already well known to us in America through the translation of representative works. It has shaped and directed Spanish culture for the last thirty years, but some of its members may no longer be thought of as active factors in the creative life of the country. It is certain, for instance, that Benavente has already exhausted himself. For although his last drama—"La mariposa que voló sobre el mar"—is said to have been very well received, his recent work, taken as a whole, even if judged sympathetically, has lost the power and depth of "Bonds of Interest" or "Passion Flower." Unamuno, too, has not been able to maintain his old prestige. "De Fuerteventura a París," published shortly after his arrival in France and characterized in the subtitle as "an intimate diary of exile rendered in sonnet form," is a book painful to read; for its obvious vulgarity cannot be accepted as satire. His last book, "L'Agonie du christianisme," clearly shows signs of disintegration. Baroja seems also incapable of anything worthy of his great name. His last published books—"El gran torbellino del mundo," "Las veleidades de la fortuna," and "Amores tardíos"—are formless, endless monologues (he calls them novels), vicariously expressed through the mouths of characters which have no other personality than their names. These books are, furthermore, a long catalogue of all the prejudices and hatreds of the author. He appears to have discovered recently that he had been read because of his brusque and independent temper of mind. Unaware that this quality in him was respected because it was the outcome of a legitimate and rational reaction against his environment, he dedicated himself to the careful cultivation of a scoffing attitude and of a shallow pessimism which it is difficult to take seriously. He reminds one of those medieval beggars who fostered their sores artificially as a profitable source of income. Baroja hates the new psychology, he hates contemporary French literature, he despises the English, the Jews, the American tourists, the German nation, the Russian exiles, the Bolsheviks, the socialists, Nietzsche—there is, indeed, no one or nothing he does not fling mud at.

On the other hand Valle Inclán has lately given proofs of a vitality, a power, and a depth of which the reader of his decadent work would never have suspected him capable. The "Comedias barbaras" initiated this new development. The precious aestheticism of his "Sonatas" is utterly forgotten in the "Comedias"—in reality intense tragedies—and a strength and a concern with real human values, newly acquired, gives him easily the first place among contemporary novelists. His latest book, "Tirano Banderas," is a satire on South American revolutionists—bitter, cruel, pitched in a high key, exaggerated, no doubt, but if the phrase be allowed, transcendentally true. Azorín also shows undiminshed vigor. Never able to handle dialogue successfully in his novels, he has tried the drama, and last year wrote a very lively comedy. Perez de Ayala is another of the older men—since he must be considered as belonging to this group—whose work retains its old excellence of style and gains in intellectual comprehension of men.

There is a group of younger men of whom we have heard very little in America. We know of Marquina, of Ardavin. We know of Salvador de Madariaga, who also writes in English. But of Moreno Villa, Pedro Salinas, Ramón de Basterra, and their generation very little has been written in our critical reviews, so far as I know. Of these writers Moreno Villa seems to me the outstanding personality. Critic of art, scholar of considerable erudition, prose writer and poet, he brings into Spanish literature a lyric note seldom struck by moderns. A large number of fine but ephemeral lyricists may be found in Spain today as in other countries. But poets possessing solid powers of intellection and exquisite sensibility at the same time are rare. Moreno Villa possesses these two qualities and something besides. For there is in his poetry a popular tendency; he is an Andalusian by birth, and some of his lighter poems reproduce not only the form but the spirit of the popular songs of his land. Since he is a scholar, however, his work has a distinction and a rich diction which carry it beyond the current poetical fads, and which may account for the fact that he is relatively less known than several other of his contemporaries whose work cannot, severely examined, compare to his. Pedro Salinas must, above all, be mentioned for his successful rendition of the "Poema de Mío Cid" into modern Spanish verse. The work was difficult, for the poet sought strict fidelity to the original. Salinas has also published a book of short stories, "Víspera del gozo," hailed as the earnest of a man who will finally justify the radical innovations attempted within recent years. Basterra is one of those rare spirits—rare in our romantic age which boasts of its moral and intellectual confusion—who seek perfection through their art. The poetry of José María Balbotín contrasts sharply with Basterra's. Balbotín stands aloof from the aesthetic concerns of his contemporaries. He is a civic poet, as was Marquina in his "Eglogas." But unlike Marquina, from whom, in more than one respect, he stems, he has a wider range of interests, although he lacks, on the other hand, the finish and spontaneity of his master. Ramón Gomez de la Serna, though young, has to his credit more than a score of books. He is now one of the most popular authors in Spain. His latest, "El torero Caracho," relates, in a tragic-comic manner, the life and glorious death of a matador. De la Serna is but a minor, yet he veils, behind a flashy wit, a keen blade of satire.

Besides these two groups of writers there is a large group of still younger ones—younger not only by virtue of their age, which goes over thirty in few cases only, but also by virtue of their literary radicalism. As elsewhere in Europe after the war, the intellectual youth of the country formed schools and literary cliques and started short-lived movements and small magazines which saw four or five numbers at best. There was, of course, an imported Dadaism, but there were also a few fancy brands of native theory such as *ultraismo, creacionismo, superrealismo,* in which a foreign name was merely adapted to an original tendency. But the impetus of these young radicals did not carry them very far, and little is heard of these movements today. They served, however, to introduce many young authors. Among these the name of Gerardo Diego stands out. With Rafael Alberti, author of "Marinero en tierra," Diego shared the "National Literary Contest" prize for 1925; but although

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his book bears the title "Versos humanos" (Human Poems), it is difficult to see the propriety of this. In fact, Diego's predilection for Góngora, who is deemed by the younger men "the most refined of Spanish poets of the classical period," and whose mannerisms they have tried to revive, is sufficient to indicate that his uppermost preoccupation is aesthetic, hardly human.

Benjamin Jarnés and Felix Urabayen hold in the field of the novel a leadership similar to that of Diego and Alberti in poetry, within their generation. Jarnés is the more literary of the two. His "Profesor inútil" is the introspective biography of a dreamer who chooses to write prose, probably because it gives him greater freedom than poetry would, in order to follow the thread of his reminiscences. His book calls to mind Marcel Proust, although it is without the overwhelming accumulation of detail of the Frenchman. Urabayen is a Basque transplanted into Castilian soil; he blends in his tales the energy of his race and the austerity of the Castilian. In "La vida de un claro varón de Escalona," his last book—hardly more than a lengthy short story—he tells a modern picaresque tale in which the starkness of the prose serves to bring out the powerful sardonic bitterness which animates the author.

There are, besides these, a large number of novelists of considerable promise, not all of whom can be noticed. Marío Verdaguer, author of "La isla de oro"; Aguado de la Loma, whose "Su mundo aparte," his second book, is sufficient evidence of an unusual mastery of technique; Antonio Espina, author of a collection of short stories entitled "Pájaro Pinto," which has caused a small stir; Claudio de la Torre, José María Bergamín—these are only a few of the younger generation who, last year, published works of such exceptional merit that no account of recent contemporary literature would be complete without their names.

New Books in Germany

By D. T.

Berlin, April 1

SINCE "Der Zauberberg" ("The Magic Mountain"), by Thomas Mann, no German book has appeared which obviously towers above all of its contemporaries. On the whole this has been a prolific and more or less mediocre season, though it is extremely interesting for the tendencies which it shows. It is a phenomenon rather curious to the Anglo-Saxon literary world that in Germany writers seem to feel the necessity of a cult: there are few who cannot be classified as belonging to a particular literary sect.

"Expressionism," which in letters as in painting and even in music has been the ruling cult of younger artists for the last fifteen years, is moribund or is passing into another phase. Expressionism was first of all a political movement paralleling the social revolution, but it was also a reaction from the preceding literary forms, and from overanalysis of the individual soul. There seemed to be a feeling that that form of the novel which reached its zenith in the great Russians had become turgid and cloaked. Expressionism caught a bluer ether of impersonalism; had a passion for ideal constructions; and took its material from ideas and principles rather than from human experience. The new realists, as we might call the successors of the expressionists, do not represent a spiritual counter-revolution, but they return to the familiar face of things and reaffirm living experience. The tendency in German letters today is to reinterpret life and personality, with the times in which we live very much in view. There is no slacking in the movement against literature for literature's sake.

The passion for biography and for the historical novel illustrates the tendency to revaluate historic personalities and events for this age of Freud and Einstein. Germany, the most pious of Western nations, is dusting off the statues of her own and Europe's great and is trying to see what kind of faces they really had. And very characteristic is the attempt to break down the wall between the different ages which for the previous period of historicism seemed rigid and absolute. The historical play is used as a criticism of life today; the most *actual* plays on the Berlin stage this winter were Wolfgang Götz's "Gneisenau," Fritz von Unruh's "Napoleon," and Alfred Neumann's "The Patriot," all of which are reincarnations of historic personalities and events written in full consciousness of present problems. (The attempts to modernize classic drama—the much-mooted Jessner performances of "Hamlet" and of Schiller's "Die Räuber"—are evidences of effort to demythologize the past.)

The biographies most talked about are those of Emil Ludwig, some of which are already known in the United States through translation. The first of this series was "Goethe." Ludwig really reincarnated for the masses of people in Germany the great European whose personality was fading into a dusty relic, the exclusive property of professors of literature. It is significant that Ludwig's "Goethe," which is not the best biography of the poet (we think of Gundolph's work), is far and away the most popular. In "Napoleon," "Wilhelm II," and the last of the series to appear, "Bismarck" (a leading publication of this season), Ludwig adopts much the same attitude as that of Lytton Strachey in "Queen Victoria"—which book, incidentally, has been only recently translated here, with notable success. Actually this biographical method is vastly more revolutionary in Germany than in France or England, because the pious cult of the great is more rigid. Ludwig is the most-talked-of biographer partly because he took sensational material and because of his method of ignoring *achievement* as the outstanding element in a life. But other biographers equal or surpass him in psychological analysis. Walter Harich's "E. T. A. Hoffmann" and "Jean Paul" might be quoted as illustrations.

Alfred Döblin is another of the earnest younger writers who probe into the past to find a message for the present and into the psyche of real and imaginary men to find a better way of controlling life. Döblin's great experience was the World War. In his "Wallenstein" and in "Berge, Meere und Giganten" ("Mountains, Seas, and Giants") we feel that he is haunted by a sense of mass catastrophe, and feels a mission to help avert it. Not a person but an epoch is the hero of "Wallenstein"; it is an analysis of the Thirty Years' War—the story of the debacle of a whole culture, wrought by subaltern factors in the service of an inevitable fatality. In "Berge, Meere und Giganten" Döblin feels the pressure upon Europe from other continents. The novel is a monumental fresco of the oncoming debacle when he foresees Africa overriding the European continent and European men marshaling all the hosts of science to build a new world for themselves further

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north—a world peopled by fantastic animals and more fantastic men. His point of view might be called planetary!

Actually, Döblin is a conscious European, suffering from the general European malaise of fear. Fear of Africa, of Asia—and of America. Simultaneously with the growing interest of Germany in American intellectual life and with the rapid translation of the newest American books—John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Carl Van Vechten are among the late discoveries—a group of writers whose most outspoken members are, perhaps, Döblin and the Austrian Stefan Zweig are setting their faces sternly against what they call "the Americanization of intellect," which to them is synonymous with standardization. To Stefan Zweig's militant Europeanism the German reading public has much to thank. Himself one of the finest contemporary writers, he has set his talents in the service of his European colleagues, especially the French; has translated them, and has written much criticism and biography. His "Erinnerungen an Emil Verhaeren" has recently appeared, printed on his own press, and is available for the first time to a larger public. These "Reminiscences" appeared as a private printing of one hundred copies in 1917, when the "enemy" was not allowed publicly to display any virtues. Now ten years later the little volume again appears in 440 copies—with a promise of a popular edition. The work contains more than personal reminiscences; it is an account of the spiritual influence of a great poet. A new collection of "Novellen," "Verwirrung der Gefühle" by the same author, is one of the five books of the year. Especially the last story, which gives the book its title, is beautiful and strong. Zweig shows himself again a poet who sees beyond the visible and for whom the form chosen is always the inevitable expression, part and parcel of the mood and the content. Thomas Mann's "Unordnung und frühes Leid" ("Disorder and Early Pain") is a novel of youth in the depressing environment of the post-war period. Germany's first man of letters is perhaps made more acutely aware of the problems of this youth by his own talented son, Klaus Mann, who leads a little clique of his own among very young buds of German literature, and who recently had a public controversy with his father over "Parents and Sons."

The best seller of the season is, I believe, Alfred Neumann's "Der Teufel" ("The Devil"), a well-told tale not without psychological depth which recounts the story of Oliver Necker, "Le Mauvais" whom we have met before in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." Neumann's treatment of the Ghent Barber, the intimate of Louis XI, is a dramatic, not undistinguished study of the demonic.

Arthur Hollitscher's "Das unruhige Asien," a travel book describing the restless East from Cairo around the Indian Ocean and through China to Russia, is brilliantly written and rich in fascinating information. It must be read with the consciousness that the author is a convinced Communist, but this problematic bias does not prevent him from seeing more than most and telling it better than anyone yet. Especially valuable is his description of the new Jewish state, with the gathering clash between the new rich exploiters, the speculating population of Tel-a-viv, and the idealistic socially and nationally minded "Chaluzim," who set up an intellectual leadership for the workers in whose ranks they themselves are enrolled. Hollitscher is a poet; his book, written in almost notebook form, is more than journalism. He has poetic penetration.

New Books in France

By RENÉ LALOU

Paris, April 2

THERE has been no slackening in French production this winter. Of course fiction has brought its due share of novelties. A young writer, Julien Green, created a sensation with "Mont-Cinère," a study of Puritan America in the eighties, while Etienne Burnet offered us in "La Porte du Sauveur" the first impartial picture of bolshevism. To their former work Paul Morand and Roland Dorgelès have added "Rien que la terre," an impressionistic round-the-world voyage, and "Partir," a novel of cosmopolitan life on board a liner; to François Mauriac we are indebted for "Thérèse Desqueyroux," another powerful study of provincial life; Georges Duhamel has brought to an end the career of his Salavin in a curious diary which is both a praise and a subtle parody of sainthood. The Jewish problem has inspired "Nicolo Peccavi," in which Armand Lunel paints the Affaire Dreyfus as seen from Carpentras, "l'Enfant prophète," where Edmond Fleg preaches a generous conciliation between Israel and the modern world, and—last but not least—"le Fléau du savoir," by André Billy and Moïse Twersky, a vivid description of the adventures of a Russian Jew.

Among the new poems we must mention Soupault's "Georgia," wholly dedicated to the joy of stumbling through the wonders of life, and Salmon's "Créances," which will be numbered among our truest songs of unrest. In Romains's "Dictateur" and Bloch's "Dernier Empereur" we welcome two noble dramas of ideas, dealing with today's political problems—which have also been adequately treated by Lucien Romier in "Nation et Civilisation," a defense of Europe and an analysis of the traditional part played by France in the formation of a European aristocracy.

Though the number of essayists is increasing daily, few of them are endowed with the natural charm of Louis Aragon, as shown in his "Paysan de Paris," an evocation of the marvelous in contemporary Paris, the most successful work of the sur-réalistes to date. As witness of a French interest in English literature we must mention the competent study of Abel Chevalley on Thomas Deloney; it is also noteworthy that in "Messages," by Ramon Fernandez, an attempt at philosophical criticism, half the torch-bearers are English writers. The Nouvelle Révue Française has offered a popular edition of Debussy's "Monsieur Croche antidilettante," the best vindication of the qualities of French music since Rameau, and an interesting novelized life of Talleyrand by Jacques Sindral, an original variation on the theme of the modern Machiavelli. A good memoir of Proust by one of his oldest friends, Robert Dreyfus, deserves a careful reading; the same may be said of the "Letters" that passed between Jacques Rivière and Alain Fournier, a very important document on the tendencies of French students a few years before the war. And André Gide has published at last "Si le grain ne meurt," a moving confession in which he explains how he was brought by his sensual experiences, as well as by a personal reading of Blake and Dostoevski, to the idea of a divorce between the flesh and the spirit, of a gulf that can be bridged only through a new interpretation of the teaching of Christ.

The first fruit of the spring crop will be "l'Honneur de

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Souffrir," a book of lyrics by our great romantic poetess, Mme de Noailles. Thus will Grasset bring to a close the first series of his Cahiers Verts, the sooner to start a new one with Benda's "Trahison des clercs." As usual, he promises many novels, the chief titles being "Aline," by Ramuz; "Eglantine," by Giraudoux; "Cœur d'or," by Souphault, and "le Bouddha vivant," by Morand. He will also bring a contribution to exegesis with "le Scandale de Jésus," by Father Allo. In religion, we shall read new studies in Rieder's "Christianisme" and "Judaïsme," under the competent management of Couchoud. But the novelists will not leave that field untilled: at Plon, Billy will go on with the epos of Menaché Foïgel, and the brothers Tharaud score another success with their "Rose of Sharon." The same publisher is responsible for the Golden Reed Series, which will include works by the two rising Catholic novelists Green and Bernanos, together with "Défense de l'Occident" and "Frontières de la poésie," in which Massis and Maritain, the leaders of the neo-thomist movement, will "measure the city and the gates thereof." Gates that have suddenly shut so as to exclude Maurras. Among the many echoes of the controversy around the *Action Française* is the announcement by Crès of a Maurrasian gospel under the form of a dictionary resembling Voltaire's "Dictionnaire philosophique."

Interesting novelized lives will be Maurois's "Dickens" (Grasset) and "Disraeli" (N.F.R.), as well as Pourtalès's "Chopin" (N.R.F.). For real criticism we must rather look to Arts et Livre and Kra. From the first firm we shall expect the masterpieces of Descartes and Bergson studied by Alain (whose essays, "les Idées et les ages," will appear at the N.R.F.) and Thibaudet; it will also issue, in twenty volumes of studies followed with anthologies, a complete picture of the French nineteenth century drawn by the best critics of the twentieth. Paul Souday (whose "Voltaire" will soon be out) is to publish a book on Gide, Proust, and Valéry (Kra), while Royère and Valéry will study Mallarmé and Soupault will freely interpret Lautréamont and Rimbaud; to its successful anthologies of modern verse and prose Kra will add a third one, dedicated to contemporary critics and essayists.

Travels are another form of criticism, as shown by Gide's "Congo," shortly to be published at the N.R.F. Maeterlinck will speak about Sicily, Chateaubriant about Holland, Kessel about Syria (Kra); Rieder's list of forthcoming "Témoignages" promises that Bonardi will solve the Syrian imbroglio and Scheffauer delineate the figure of contemporary America, whose literary features will be painted by Michaud in the collection of synopses started by Kra. Under the title of Visage de la France, Emilé Paul has asked several writers to depict their favorite town; after the "Lille" of Jouglet and the "Marseille" of Jaloux we may expect much from this series.

Never did the past look more vividly present than in The Unpublished, a collection in which Kra has revealed three chapters of Stendhal and will go on with stories by Sade, Constant, and Gobineau (his "Nicolas Belavoir" is on the list of the N.F.R.), and with letters by Rimbaud. Crès is soon to give a complete diary of Delacroix, Kra a hitherto unknown diary of Queen Marie-Antoinette, and Plon the memoirs of Queen Hortense. Our contemporaries are not so slow: we shall soon know all about the lives of the great surgeon Jean-Louis Faure (Arts et Livre), of the cabaret-singers Yvette Guilbert and Maurice Chevalier (Grasset), and of the world-famous Josephine Baker (Kra).

Books

A Frenchman Takes a Look

America Comes of Age: a French Analysis. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THIS book is so good that it seems almost incredible. From end to end of it I can't find a single misstatement of fact, and in even the most Gallic and unaccustomed of its opinions there is a searching and disconcerting plausibility. By what process Dr. Siegfried amassed his materials I don't know. He has been in the United States at various times since 1898, and the last time, two years ago, he made a very extensive tour. His eyes must have been open very widely, for they saw not only what was plainly in front of them but also many things that were shadowy and occult, even to the overwhelming majority of Americans. He would have made the most competent newspaper reporter ever heard of in this world—a champion related to Ray Stannard Baker as Baker, in the days before the Wilson blather fetched him, was related to the average Washington correspondent. For he went home to his stool in the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques with the most accurate, penetrating, and comprehensive treatise on the United States ever written, whether by a native or a foreigner. Compared to it the celebrated tome of the lamented Bryce sinks to the level of a textbook, and the works of the Stracheys, Bennetts, and other such soft-soapers become mere trash.

Dr. Siegfried is happily free from the romantic optimism that is so copiously on tap among us. He yields to no man, as the campaign orators say, in his respect for the diligence and ingenuity that have brought the United States to its present high place among the nations, but neither is he blind to the difficulties ahead. Internally, he believes, they revolve mainly around the bitter and apparently irreconcilable conflict between the so-called Anglo-Saxons and the newer varieties of Americans. This conflict, he sees clearly, is at the bottom of most of the political combats that wrack the country, and in the course of time it is bound to have serious industrial consequences. The Anglo-Saxon, clothed in his "self-satisfaction as a member of God's elect," simply refuses to go into his own melting-pot. That vessel is reserved for the exclusive use of the Americans of other races. It is their duty to enter it docilely, and to come out as Nordics and Protestants. And having emerged, it is their further duty to take their place at the second table, leaving the original Protestant Nordics in front of the soup-bowl.

Dr. Siegfried, as a Frenchman, is unable to grasp the equity of this arrangement, nor does he believe that it will long endure. The non-Anglo-Saxon, non-Protestant, non-Puritan Americans are not actually inferior; on the contrary, many of them are clearly superior. They have certain qualities that the Anglo-Saxons lack, and some of those qualities are immensely valuable. Thus they begin to sweat under the disadvantages that lie upon them, and to resist violently every effort to make those disadvantages greater. The crusade against all the varieties of hyphenism save the English that went on during the late war certainly did not abolish hyphenism: it only made it more resolute, as in the case, for example, of the emerging Negroes. What is the net effect of prohibition? Obviously, its net effect has been to set up a desperate rebellion, not only against prohibition, but also against the whole Puritan *Kultur*. And it is surely no mere accident that the Ku Klux uproar has been followed by the first really serious and determined effort to put a Catholic into the White House.

Dr. Siegfried ventures upon no prophecy as to the ultimate issue of this conflict. What will come of it, indeed, no man can know. The Anglo-Saxons, if the Negroes be counted out as incapable of producing a national hero, have the advantage of numbers and the support of tradition, but they show a decreasing capacity for genuine leadership. Put Coolidge beside Al

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Smith, and a certain difference begins to be palpable—or, if you choose, put Dr. John Roach Straton beside the Irish archbishops, or Booth Tarkington beside Dreiser, or R. A. Millikan, with his lingering theological sentimentality, beside, say, Jacques Loeb. The new immigration laws will hold down the influx of Loebs and Dreisers, but what of their effect, in the long run, upon the lower orders of Anglo-Saxons? What will happen when the Mexican *Landwehr*, now manning the ditches, is exhausted? The answer, perhaps, is to be found in the South, whence the blacks have begun to flee. The Anglo-Saxon, though Protestant and imperial, already has the hoe in his hands.

Dr. Siegfried is an economist, and is thus greatly interested in our mass production. Its virtues are manifest: it has brought us the greatest prosperity ever recorded in history. But in the long run it may carry us into very serious difficulties. Its excess profits we now invest in loans to Europe, and at the same time we shut our doors to the goods which represent Europe's only capacity to pay us our interest and refund our principal. Obviously, the money must be raised by selling those goods in other markets. But, soon or late, our ever-increasing production will force us into those markets ourselves, and then will ensue a gigantic struggle. If Europe wins, we'll lose the markets but get our money. If Europe is beaten, we'll win the markets but lose our money. Dr. Siegfried apparently suspects that we'll be beaten. The machine has conquered in America, but the rest of the world still distrusts its products. In any case, there will be hard problems for the Coolidges and Mellons of the next generation.

"America Comes of Age" is far too complicated a book to be summarized. The thoughts that I have dredged out of it are not adequately representative of it. Dr. Siegfried must be read at length. He has crowded an enormous mass of facts into his volume and illuminated them with an unfailing sagacity. There is no evident intent in him to argue anything or to prove anything, but nevertheless he argues with great skill and proves a lot. Behind even his lightest obiter dicta there lies a background of sound and extensive knowledge. He has a prejudice, I suspect, against Puritans, but it certainly does not cause him to underestimate them. The American spectacle plainly exhilarates him. He is sensitive to its novelty, to its romantic charm, and to its overwhelming dramatic intensity. He must have enjoyed himself superbly when he was in our palpitating midst. But he was not fooled.

H. L. MENCKEN

Along the Rhine

The Rhineland Occupation. By Henry T. Allen. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

The Struggle for the Rhine. By Hermann Stegemann. Translated by Georges Chatterton-Hill. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

GENERAL ALLEN'S first book, "My Rhineland Journal," rendered fine service to the cause of truth and international understanding. The present volume is a valuable companion. With the detachment of the historian and with military clarity of style, General Allen here sets forth the events of those critical days when the American forces in Rhineland (together with those of Great Britain) stood in the eyes of the world for fair play. It was then the difficult role of the leaders to act as a brake on headstrong French imperialism. The present reviewer, who played a minor role on the same stage as General Allen, can testify to the general accuracy and impartiality of his record. It is easy to see that he tends to find the French attractive and the Germans the reverse. He enters Rhineland as a victorious soldier, prepared to apply a rigorous system of military rule to the defeated population. His very freedom from "pro-German" and pacifist sentiments adds weight to the damning indictment of French policy which his sense of justice compels him to set forth here with admirable detachment.

"The Left Bank of the Rhine," writes General Allen in his introduction, "had been the subject of a secret agreement between France and Russia in February, 1917. By the terms of that agreement, this territory was to be completely separated from Germany and be made an autonomous or neutral state and also occupied by French troops until all the terms of the final treaty had been fulfilled." This is, of course, the key to the whole history of the occupation, both as described in General Allen's book and as it developed after the date—February, 1923—where his book leaves off. The author records the steady but unobtrusive political encroachments of the French, who never once lost sight of their objectives as set forth in the abortive secret treaty. They extend their military jurisdiction from occupied territory into the "neutral zone" beyond it on the flimsiest excuse. They wreck the Germans' customs system by their notorious "Hole in the West," through which enormous quantities of luxury goods are poured into Germany without duty. They set up a special department at Coblenz to persuade these inhabitants of "the cradle of the Germanic state" by means of French plays, newspapers, and books that they are really Frenchmen. Again and again they attempt to get the Rhenish railways into their hands. The sittings of the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission are here frankly revealed as a succession of hard-fought battles, in which the French fought steadily, with the Belgians as their often reluctant allies, for the dismemberment of Germany.

America's non-ratification of the Versailles Treaty naturally lessened the influence which she could wield in Rhineland, and Britain's power of resistance varied according to the caliber of her several representatives on the High Commission. The Anglo-Saxons, of course, were fighting a losing battle. The ordinances of the High Commission became the successive lines of consolidation of the French advance toward the objective; originally six in number, they increased to 67 in 1920 and by 1922 totaled 167. In their endeavors to emasculate the press in preparation for the invasion of the Ruhr and the setting up of their dummy Separatist "Republic," they prohibited or suspended 42 publications in 1920 and 94 in 1922. By vetoing appointments of officials and school-teachers and "combing out" prominent patriots by expelling them from occupied territory, they sought to prepare the soil for their *Tag*, which dawned in January, 1923. When in that month the Ruhr action began, the printing machines of the High Commission poured forth a ceaseless string of ukases, the press practically ceased to exist, and expulsions were well on the way to reaching their final total of 140,000.

In his chapter on Separatism he shows the firm stand made from the start by American headquarters against the various puppets of the French. The first chapters give an interesting and generally accurate picture of conditions at the start of the occupation though it is surprising to find General Allen going as wide of the mark as to assert that the bread and potato ration in the war years was sufficient, and that there was no actual starvation when the Allies reached Rhineland. He explains how the broken and starving population amazed the world by extending something like a welcome to the American forces, and how hard put to it were the military authorities to check the friendships which everywhere sprang up between the two nationalities whose duty it was to continue hating one another. This was exactly paralleled in the British Zone.

"The Struggle for the Rhine" is a translation of the work published under the same title in German in 1924. Also written with considerable detachment—considering its German authorship and the original date of publication—this work traces the history of the Rhine and the conflicts which have centered around it since the dawn of history. The author upholds his thesis, that since the days of imperial Rome the Latin races have ceaselessly endeavored to wrest this river from its Teutonic possessors, with skill and learning. The book will prove valuable to historians, and merits a longer notice than space allows.

G. E. R. GEDYE

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Vsevolod Meierhold

The Theatrical October. By Various Authors. Book I. Leningrad and Moscow.

ONE of the most significant facts in the theatrical life of Russia today is the prominence achieved by Vsevolod Meierhold. Though his theater is only a few years old, Meierhold himself is no newcomer to the Russian stage. One of the original members of the Moscow Art Theater's company, he early rebelled against its creed of realism and, as director to the late Vera Kommisarjevsky in her small theater in St. Petersburg, launched (1906-1908) a series of productions which started the insurgent movement against the realistic theater. A mystic tendency in the repertory, with a preponderance of plays by Maeterlinck, a decoratively stylized treatment of the setting, and a conventionalized acting characterized Meierhold's work in that period. There was a startling novelty and boldness in his experiments which made them the subject of heated controversies. But Meierhold was not daunted by criticism. Transferring his activities to the imperial theaters in St. Petersburg, he went on with his search for new forms.

There was nothing in the stage, he declared, that it had to be ashamed of. It needed no disguises. It was the medium of an independent art and as such was entitled to shape the dramatic spectacle in accordance with the laws of its own nature. Being a stage it presumed the existence of the spectator and had frankly to recognize his presence in the theater. Similarly, the actor on the stage was there to act; therefore he had to appear as an actor playing a part and not as an incarnation of the portrayed character. These ideas, embodied by Meierhold in a number of remarkable productions, the first of which was Molière's "Don Juan," ushered in a movement the full significance of which was revealed only after the revolution.

Of all the arts in Russia the theater has been the only one to thrive not merely in spite of the revolution but largely thanks to the stimulus which has been provided by the advent of an essentially democratic audience. Unsophisticated and lacking in culture this audience undoubtedly was. But it had other qualities of exceptional importance. It brought to the theater a virile robustness of attitude and an outlook upon the theater untrammeled by the established conventions. These qualities had an especial appeal for Meierhold, as sympathy with the revolution in his case was reinforced by an enthusiasm for the folk-theater—the old platform stage of the fair and the market-place. "The Theatrical October"—a volume of essays by various authors—provides a most absorbing account of how Meierhold's attempt to find an expression for his two interests has resulted in productions which have made his theater famous.

A difficult problem was that of finding for the new ideology a fitting form of dramatic spectacle. Meierhold's first attempts were made in the direction of drawing the audience into the action of the play. This did not prove particularly successful and was gradually abandoned. In the meantime a new theory, formulated by a group of artists and christened "constructivism," was given a friendly try-out. Constructivism does not recognize art as a form of aesthetic experience—which, it declares, is a purely bourgeois method of intellectual self-indulgence. Communist or proletarian art has no use for aesthetics. It is merely everyday life organized in a manner that enables every element of that life to function with the utmost ease and efficiency. Thus the stage was bared of all that was not fulfilling the purely utilitarian function of assisting the actors in their movements. The front curtain, already done away with in the Meierhold theater, was joined in the store-room by painted scenery and stage furniture. Instead of these there was raised on the stage a bare scaffolding with platforms at different levels and various contraptions for acrobatic movements. As performance in the theater was only a form of "labor process," the actors, too, could be only dramatic workmen. Accordingly they were all dressed in workmen's overalls of a uniform pattern—this also in order to submerge individual actors in the collective unity of the whole company. Without going into further details, it is sufficient to note that after two years of practical application the theory of constructivism completely broke down. The theater as a medium of art reasserted itself in every direction. The actor cast off his workman's uniform and became again a performer. The gaunt scaffoldings gave place to the moving screens, the revolving floor, and other devices which, while giving a dynamic character to the setting, also unmistakably proclaimed their essentially theatrical origin. Yet something has remained from constructivism. First of all there is the abolition of painted scenery. And second, there has survived a peculiar style—sharp and staccato—which has given Meierhold's productions an exceptional virility and pungency of form. The old folk-theater has thus become modernized. But this modernity rests on methods that go back to the very sources of the theatrical art and that found their most brilliant expression in the Commedia dell' Arte.

Meierhold is not to be judged by his profession of this or that theory. He is an artist of rare sensitiveness, and the fertility of his imagination, which never ceases throwing out new ideas, is almost such as to inspire one with awe. In the whole world of the theater today there is no more potent or more significant force than he. For those who are interested in his work and are familiar with Russian, the book under review will prove a store-house of valuable information and exciting theories.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Latin-American Emancipation

Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States Concerning the Independence of the Latin-American Nations. Selected and arranged by William R. Manning. Oxford University Press. Three volumes. $15.

EIGHTEEN years ago a group of distinguished American historians, acting under the auspices of a governmental committee, prepared a report entitled "Documentary Historical Publications of the United States Government." They pointed out that the manner in which our government had published its records was haphazard, disjected, and unsystematic. Further, they maintained that there was in government archives a vast quantity of material which ought to be printed. Not only has our government failed yet to publish documents from its archives; it has also sadly fallen behind in the publication of its diplomatic papers known as the "Foreign Relations of the United States."

In 1916 Dr. Alejandro Alvarez, a widely known Chilean publicist, proposed to the director of the Division of International Law of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace that this corporation should publish documents from our archives concerning the liberation of the Latin-American peoples from European rule. With the aid of the Department of State the task was completed, and the series under review is the fruit.

Considerable pains have been taken to make the contents of these volumes available to readers. Each volume contains a careful list of the papers printed within its covers. A footnote to each document gives a specific reference to the respective volume of the "American State Papers" where it is already printed or to the particular series of the American archives where the original is found. There is an analytical index. But the collection would be still more useful to neophytes in the study of Latin America if it contained a bibliography of the literature respecting the important epoch with which it is concerned. And it is to be regretted that in the case of certain documents the editor did not print the Spanish or the Portuguese originals instead of the English translations which also repose in the State Department. For not only do the official renderings frequently lack finish; occasionally they are obscure or misleading.

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To the increasing class of students in the United States who are interested in that vast domain often designated as Hispanic America, a veritable treasure of historical stuff is now made available. This material spans the years from 1809 to 1830. It includes letters from agents of the United States in Argentina, Brazil, Central America, England, France, "Great Colombia," Mexico, the Netherlands, Peru, Russia, Spain, and Uruguay, as well as the corresponding communications from Washington. Incidentally the work also contains some evidence respecting the revolutionary period *par excellence* in Bolivia and Paraguay.

There are illuminating documents about such heroic figures of the Latin-American struggles for independence as José Bonifacio, Pedro I, Artigas, O'Higgins, Sucre, San Martín, and Bolívar. Obscure emissaries from Latin-American countries may now be more fully envisaged. Scattered through the volumes are many suggestive papers regarding the policies of divers European Powers toward the rising nations of Latin America. Sidelights are afforded on the mysterious association of monarchs known as the Holy Alliance and on the famous pronunciamiento known as the Doctrine of Monroe.

In fine these substantial volumes contain a bewildering array of documents concerning the transformation of the continental American colonies of Spain and Portugal into independent nations—a transformation which John Quincy Adams extravagantly characterized as the most important event in modern history. The collection will be most highly appreciated by students of history in South America, where the separatist movement from Spain has long been a favorite field of investigation. Supplemented by documents from the rich archives of England, France, and Spain, it will aid the historian of the future to write a comprehensive narrative of the Spanish-American Revolution. The editor, the State Department, and the Carnegie Endowment have performed a valuable service to historians in both America and Europe.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

The Glory of the Purple

Byzantine Portraits. By Charles Diehl. Translated by Harold Bell. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

LIKE most French scholars, M. Diehl bears his knowledge lightly. For many years professor of Byzantine history at the Sorbonne, he has published the usual number of monographs and delivered the usual number of lectures; but, if this work is typical, they are monographs and lectures very different from the ordinary sort. It is apparent that he has every essential fact—economic, historical, and artistic—at his pen's point, yet his decorous verve, his dry wit, and his luminous perspicacity never desert him. M. Diehl even invests his occasional footnotes—for he is imperturbably orthodox—with an almost poetic charm.

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stroke of his own. "It must not be forgotten that Procopius has a habit of investing his characters with an almost epic perversity; and although he tries hard to determine to a hair's-breadth the lowest point to which Theodora fell, I for my part regard her—though her interest may thereby be diminished—as the heroine of a less extraordinary tale. She was a dancer who, having led the same life as the majority of her kind in all ages, tired suddenly of her precarious amours, and, finding a sensible man [the Emperor Justinian] who could provide her with a home, settled down to married life and conjugal devotion—an adventuress, perhaps, but at the same time astute, quiet, and clever enough to be able to keep up appearances; one who could marry even a future emperor without a fearful scandal."

That is scholarship—the rare scholarship that is graced with the addition of art and judicious wit. It must also be said that, as M. Diehl tells the tale, Theodora's fascination is in no whit diminished. If this twenty-one-year-old work, now for the first time rendered into English, has also been translated into the language of the spirits, one fancies that the lascivious ghost of Procopius is somewhat ill at ease.

R. F. DIBBLE

Freud's Latest Contribution

Hemmung, Symptom, und Angst. Von Sigmund Freud. Internationaler Psychoanalytischer Verlag. Leipzig, Wien, Zürich.

SINCE 1920 Freud has added a series of volumes to his previous papers on metapsychology and has arrived, in his investigations, at a synthesis which represents the new methodology in psychoanalysis. These volumes are: "Beyond the Pleasure Principle," "Group Psychology and the Ego," and "The Ego and the Id," the last being a synthetic study of the topical and dynamic mechanisms operating in the formation of the neurosis. The present and latest volume is an application of these concepts to the major problems in the psychoneuroses.

"Inhibition, Symptom, and Anxiety" begins with an analysis of the phenomena of inhibition and symptom formation in terms of the Id, Ego, and Super-Ego, and proceeds to a study of these forces in relation to the basic psychical functions. Four primary functions in particular are selected for consideration, namely, the sexual instinct, nutrition, locomotion (muscular activity), and creative effort. Investigation of mental disorders reveals the presence of conflicts between the primitive urges of the Id (among which sexual and asocial predominate) and the opposing forces of the Ego, which, though derived from the Id, represent the ethical personality and are a kind of guardian for maintaining the equilibrium of the mind. Additional conflict is caused by the governing forces of the Super-Ego, which represents the sum total of parental and educational influences, derived not only from individual experiences of the past but also from racial heredity. Conflict may take place between these aspects of the psyche, so that the Ego must simultaneously appease these opposing forces: the Id and the Super-Ego. In such a case the development of a neurosis may be the best solution. (From the beginning Freud called attention to the fact that the neurosis was the result of unsuccessful efforts of self-cure.)

Another problem discussed in detail is the role of the Ego in anxiety and repression. New light is thrown upon the formation of anxiety which constitutes one of the salient points in the investigation of the neurosis. Here Freud reconstructs some of his earlier conceptions. The former phenomenological point of view, which conceives that under conditions of frustration the invested libido (katexis) undergoes an automatic transformation, is discarded, and for it is substituted a metapsychological exposition in harmony with the new development. This exposition conceives of the Ego as the locus where anxiety is formed. At the outbreak of the neurosis, anxiety is not an entirely new

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creation, but a reproduction based upon a past memory. Freud also clarifies the relation between anxiety, the primary trauma, and the situation of danger which urges the individual to a neurosis as the only way out. Anxiety is represented as a panic-reaction to the original trauma, which now, in a new danger situation, is used as a signal for help. In man and the higher animals birth is the first anxiety experience. It furnishes a kind of model after which subsequent expressions of anxiety may be patterned. But one must not assume that in each case of anxiety the birth experience is relived. In this connection Rank's "birth-trauma theory" is considered and largely rejected.

If "Inhibition, Symptom, and Anxiety" is a further evidence of Freud's searching intellect it is even more remarkable as an example of his creative art. For here we have combined in one the scientist and the artist. He not only discovers the mine but with his own hand shapes the rough stone into the precious object. Step by step we see him unearth the material he is seeking and watch him put the material together; and we lose sight of the laboring hand in our fascination with the emerging form. In his hand the material is not inanimate; by a kind of magic it becomes part of the creative molding tool itself.

Freud's task ends here. We have the feeling of going through a quarry rather than of being shown through a museum. Freud attaches no labels to his work. He has never attempted any philosophic evaluation. Always others have formed a philosophy of life out of his work. Now he specifically states what was always apparent to those who knew his work at first hand: "I am not at all desirous of manufacturing a philosophy of life. One may leave that to the philosophers who confessedly see no way of journeying through life except with a Baedeker that gives information on everything." This book, together with the previous ones on metapsychology, constitutes a foundation of a new "Physiology of the Psyche." It presupposes a thorough knowledge and understanding of the author's previous work. But, above all, it calls for a certain mental ruggedness. At last psychoanalysis has reached that stage of development which discourages the exponent of superficial popularization and attracts the student who approaches it as the natural scientist approaches bacteriology or micro-biology.

DORIAN FEIGENBAUM

Books in Brief

Walpurgis. Zur Kunstgestalt von Goethes Faust. Von Julius Frankenberger. Leipzig: Ernst Wiegandt, Verlagsbuchhandlung. 3.50 marks.

A conscientious effort to prove that the Walpurgisnacht episode from the first part of "Faust" is not, as many even of the poet's admirers have conceded, a random and impertinent interruption, but a careful and wisely planned part of a symmetrical whole. Walpurgis, explains this apologist, is a much-needed intermission in the exhausting Gretchen tragedy, and is conceived on the plan of the French "revue-ballet," very shrewdly and purposely chaotic.

Charlotte de Belgique, Impératrice du Mexique. Par Comtesse H. de Reinach Foussemagne. Paris: Plon-Nourrit.

It appears to be beyond doubt that if it had not been for his wife, Maximilian would at the first prospect of the withdrawal of the French army have abdicated and fled, saving his life at the expense of his honor. Charlotte was more than a pathetic sufferer in the Mexican fiasco. She was the protagonist of the tragedy. The government of Francis Joseph guarded its secret archives jealously, but the present Republican government is much more liberal, and much new light has been shed upon European affairs since the historians have had a free hand at Vienna. The Comtesse de Reinach Foussemagne has made free use, on the one hand, of this official Austrian material, and on the other of the personal recollections of the Belgian royal family, who also are freer-spoken concerning the whole matter than was the generation before them, and has written the completest and most authoritative life of Charlotte to date.

Villa U. S. A. Von Otto Flake. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

The unconventional moralist who wrote "Ruland" and "Der gute Weg" has produced another record of emancipated women and strong men seeking they know not what. This time the main theme is a sort of trial marriage between two superior beings who finally settle down to Philistine domesticity, one scarcely understands how or why. Flake grows harder and harder to read. A book of his is a complicated fabric of texts and musings, intense, unsparing, and oracular as a novel of Goethe's, and a hundred times more baffling. But he is always profitable reading.

Sœurs de Grands Hommes. Jacqueline Pascal, Lucile de Chateaubriand, Henriette Renan. Par Victor Giraud. Paris: Crès. 10 francs.

These rapid sketches bring no information which could not easily be found elsewhere. Two of them cover ground which Victor Giraud has himself already traversed, but the third is interesting as a completely successful effort to show that 50 per cent of Ernest Renan's spiritual autobiography is totally unreliable. It was not the philological studies of his manhood but the metaphysical speculations of his early youth, and more than anything else the perhaps unconsciously uncandid honeycombing of his faith by that admirable deist his elder sister, the sister who fed him both materially and spiritually (although he complacently assures us that she always refrained completely from influencing him in matters of conscience), that made a skeptic of him.

Brücken über den Atlantik. Beiträge zum amerikanischen und deutschen Geistesleben. Von O. E. Lessing. Stuttgart, Berlin, und Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.

A number of Professor Lessing's previously printed essays on a variety of subjects, most of them studies of writers—Thoreau, Whitman, Mark Twain, Howells for German readers, and Treitschke, Görres, Goethe for American readers—are here collected and given a certain air of unity by inserting into each one of them, if it did not already possess it, a bitter reference to the recent war. Most of what Professor Lessing says about the sorry business is true, although his way of saying it may not help Germany's cause with honest but prejudiced American hundred-percenters. There is ingenuity as well as perfect justice in his successful demonstration of the fact that the never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated Treitschke held identically the position for Germany that thousands of respectable advocates of preparedness in this country hold this minute for America.

Amerika ist anders. Von Arthur Rundt. Volksverband der Bücherfreunde. Berlin: Wegweiser-Verlag.

The German dearly loves a problem. But his efforts to reduce Uncle Sam to a formula have thus far but confounded confusion. Thus Arthur Rundt, starting out in the spirit of his title, undertakes to show that Americans are different from Europeans, not merely in some incidents of government and table etiquette but in the very roots of their being—"nicht nur staatsbürgerlich, sondern auch geistig, seelisch." But by the time he has reached his last page he has discovered that just as Europe is constantly Americanizing, so America is becoming daily more European, not merely in outer form but in inner substance.

Dorothea Angermann. Schauspiel von Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

"Dorothea Angermann" is in form a return to the problem-play of Hauptmann's audacious youth. There are even some definite reminiscences of "Vor Sonnenaufgang" and "Die Weber." But the mill can never grind with the water that is

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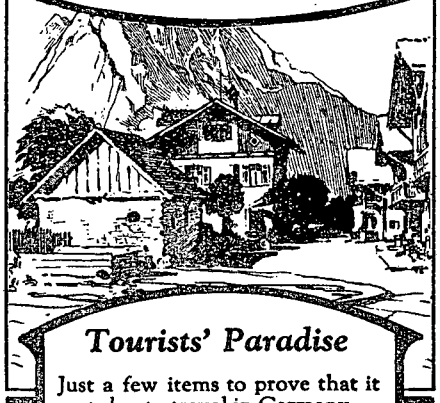

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past. Hauptmann is no longer a naturalist; he has no power even to simulate naturalism except to the extent of cementing an occasional stone from his sordid youthful tragedies into the eerie structures he builds nowadays. Dorothea is a denatured Tess, a vulgarized Ophelia; but the brutal bludgeon which the sexagenarian Hauptmann handles somehow softens into thin air when it strikes.

Der Aufruhr um den Junker Ernst. Von Jakob Wassermann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 3.50 marks.

Wassermann is proving that German prose is capable of the most telling simplicity. There is not a sentence from the beginning to the end of this desolately, yearningly beautiful tale of superstition, courage, and devotion in the broken Germany of the Thirty Years' War and the plague of witch-finding which needs a second reading; and there is not a sentence which would not repay it.

Unordnung und frühes Leid. Novelle. Von Thomas Mann. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag. 3 marks.

In this quiet record of a few hours from the average day of a modest post-bellum German professor's family—twelve or thirteen thousand words of conventional German, with no phrase-making and a minimum of philosophizing—Thomas Mann has put more of Germany's constraint and discomfort, of the younger generation's disquieting iconoclasm, of a father's puzzled tenderness, of a little girl's touchingly tragi-comic forewarnings of womanhood, more, incidentally, of warm humor and vivid artistry, than any thick volume of German fiction has offered in a long time.

Strategie der männlichen Annäherung. Von Dr. med. Heinrich F. Wolf. Wien-Leipzig: Ilos Verlag.

This physician claims to have produced the first systematic study of the devices by which men deceive women. The virtuous maid armed with this valuable treatise will thereby have acquired a sort of moral jiu-jitzu which will reduce all designing males to innocuity.

Carmina Cantabrigiensia. Edited by Karl Strecker. Monumenta Germaniae Historica Series. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 8 marks.

The Carmina Cantabrigiensia are a group of forty-nine medieval Latin songs, including several excerpts from the classics, that are preserved in a huge eleventh-century manuscript (Gg 5.35, pp. 432-441) in the Cambridge University Library. The collection is of German origin and is of considerable importance for the study of the medieval lyric, both Latin and vernacular. In 1915 Professor Karl Breul published a sumptuous edition of the poems, under the fanciful title of "The Cambridge Songs, a Goliard's Song Book of the XIth Century." Though valuable, his edition is not irreproachable as a piece of scientific editing. The present edition is a model of exact, heroically thorough scholarship.

Drama

A Well-Made Play

IN the theater students and practitioners alike may be significantly divided into those who seem to rejoice in the limitations of their medium and those who rebel against them. Perhaps Aristotle, first of dramatic critics, gave unintentional support to the former class when he analyzed the structure of the Greek tragedy, and certainly whatever society has been sophisticated enough to discuss its drama has been plagued by those who delight to see it stereotyped and limited. From the Scaligers of Italy and Hedelins of France on through the Rymers of England and down to the Clayton Hamiltons of America they are one and all members of the same tribe. At their most gravely pedantic they talk of those mysteriously sacred unities of time and place, and sometimes, turning from manner to matter, they remark conclusively that this subject or that is "not suitable for the stage"; at their most vulgar they formulate the exigent standards of Broadway; but whether their conversation is concerned with the nature of the *scène à faire* or with the ineluctable necessity of sex appeal they are alike in one essential respect: they rejoice to see plays maintaining the slightest possible contact with life and to see playwriting reduced to a mechanic art. Nor does the exceeding mutability of their immutable principles appear to disconcert them. Faced with the triumph of Shakespeare, Rymer calmly proceeded to analyze "Othello" as a typical example of a bad play, and faced with the triumph of Shaw, Clayton Hamilton calmly continued to maintain that Pinero was a greater because a more popular dramatist in spite of the fact that today it is Shaw who fills theaters and Pinero who empties them. Doubtless the stage has its limitations and art its rules, but the first are less narrow and the second less accurately known than those who delight to formulate them are aware, and the men who, daring to violate have succeeded in enlarging them, are the ones to whom belong its greatest triumphs. "When I am amused," wrote Lope de Vega scornfully, "I do not ask if the rules of Aristotle forbid me to laugh," and when Ibsen heard that the somberest tragedies of modern society were not subjects suitable for the stage he proceeded to make them so.

The mechanic dramatist and the critics who praise the complacent timidity of his reiterated formulas have their reward because the former enjoys an immediate triumph not to be hoped for by the playwright who imposes upon his audience the disconcerting necessity of laughing at a new joke, feeling in a new way, appreciating a new technique, or enlarging its imagination to include the perception of a new situation or a new acceptance of some fact of life, and both because he and his defender are more often than not welcomed into those legions of honor and academies of immortals which seem to have been founded for the particular purpose of affirming the enduring greatness of all things whose littleness it takes only time to reveal. But the other camp has its surest triumph when some half-forgotten chef-d'œuvre of "technique," some masterpiece by one of the dramatists who "knew his theater," is dragged from limbo and presented before an audience which has become habituated to other conventions and other fashions. Nothing could have more surely demonstrated that Pinero was dead beyond any possible hope of resurrection than the attempt two seasons ago to revive "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and nothing could show better how utterly the best "well-made" plays must now fail to arouse our enthusiasm than the production of that once sensational drama by Henri Bernstein, "The Thief" (Ritz Theater).

"The Thief" is not, like Pinero's plays, merely boresome. Whatever principles of "construction" as applied to drawing-room drama can be reduced to a few simple rules Bernstein had completely mastered. He knew how to make an unobtrusive and yet significant "plant," he knew just how an artificial suspense can be created by withholding one bit of information while supplying another, and he knew how to manipulate his situations so as to bring about a conclusion in which praise and blame, happiness and misery are distributed in a way calculated with the nicest exactitude to satisfy the audience's conventional sense of what is just and fitting. As a result the play succeeds even now in maintaining a sort of temporary and artificial interest; but how poor and bloodless a thing it seems with its stereotyped passions and its neat little ethical problems so carefully ticketed and so thoroughly predigested. How poor a substitute is the technique which it parades for the life which it lacks; how thinly mechanical are its characters; and how timidly conventional the treatment of its "daring" theme. Perhaps it will enjoy even now a certain success, but even to the most naive audience it cannot seem so moving

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id so dazzling as once it did, for even in the cheapest of our ays we have grown accustomed to something which carries ith it a greater suggestion of the complexity, the warmth, and ie unexpectedness of life. Shaw once said that though the nglish public had not been taught to like Ibsen it had come way from his plays incapable of continuing to enjoy the fare ith which it had once been satisfied, and a similar effect has :en wrought upon this side of the Atlantic by a whole genera- on of playwrights whose aim has been to widen, not restrict, ie possibility of the theater. Even our bad or trivial plays iust be bad or trivial in a new way.

Doubtless "The Thief" was revived in despair of finding ny suitable play for Alice Brady, and her warm and skilful laying gives to the piece whatever humanity it has. During the ast few years Miss Brady has appeared in a number of plays, some good and some bad, but not even the best have proved popular, and she still waits for the opportunity which will bring her the wide acclaim which she deserves as one of the most ingratiating as well as one of the most powerful and versatile actresses now appearing upon the stage.

"Goat Alley" (Princess Theater) is a sordid and moving naturalistic tragedy somewhat unevenly acted by a company of Negro players; "Wall Street" (Hudson Theater) an elaborate melodrama in which the effect of certain powerfully conceived scenes is marred by the continual intrusion of extraordinarily banal situations, characters, and motives borrowed from the melodrama of our fathers. "Hit the Deck" (Belasco Theater) is a pert and tuneful addition to the season's musical shows which provides any jazz band with at least two new dance hits.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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in The Constant Wife
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AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE
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HOLBROOK BLINN
in The Play's the Thing 7th Month
By FERENC MOLNAR
Adapted by P. G. Wodehouse
AT HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE
Mats. Thurs.-Sat., 2:30
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GILBERT MILLER and A. H. WOODS present
JEANNE EAGELS
in "Her Cardboard Lover"
By JACQUES DEVAL
Adapted by Valerie Wyngate and P. G. Wodehouse
EMPIRE B'way & 40th St., Eves., 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

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In Association with Edgar Selwyn presents
The BARKER
By KENYON NICHOLSON
with WALTER HUSTON
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30. Eves. at 8:30.

The Theatre Guild Acting Company in

Week of May 2—PYGMALION
" " " 9—THE SECOND MAN
" " " 16—PYGMALION
GUILD THEATRE W. 52nd St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30

Week of May 2—MR. PIM PASSES BY
" " " 9—RIGHT YOU ARE
" " " 16—MR. PIM PASSES BY
GARRICK THEATRE 65 W. 35th St. Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40

Week of May 2—NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER
" " " 9—THE SILVER CORD
" " " 16—NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER
JOHN GOLDEN Thea. 58th, E. of B'way. Circle 5678 Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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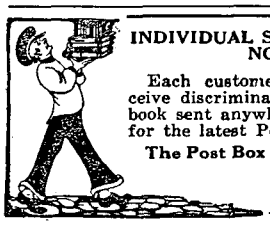

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